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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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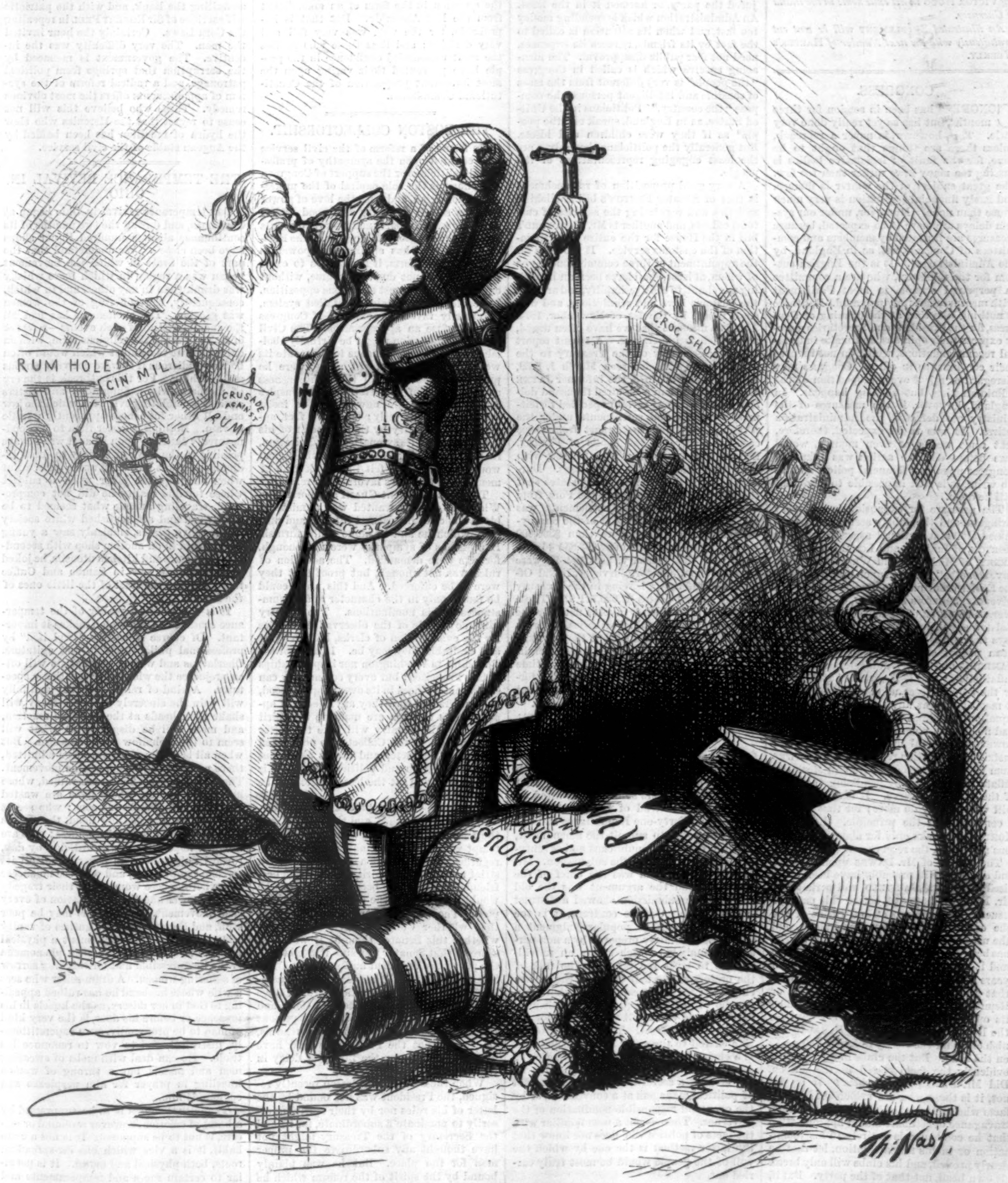
RUM HOLE
GIN MILL
CRUSADE AGAINST RUM
GROG SHOP
POISONOUS WHISKY
RUM
Th: Nast.

THE GOOD AND BAD SPIRITS AT WAR.

"Woman [Joan of Arc], do what thou canst to save our honors. Drive them from the country, and be immortalized."—*Shakspeare.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously a fine*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a humorous Poem by JOHN HAY, *written expressly for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and illustrated by* SOL EYTINGE, JUN., *a beautiful double-page engraving, and a series of pictures representing* VICTOR HUGO *in his exile home in the island of Guernsey.*

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CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has been in session for three months, but has as yet really done very little. This, however, is never a reproach, unless there are things that ought to be done, for the fault of legislative bodies is passing too many laws rather than too few. The great subject of the winter is finance, and hasty financial legislation is very much worse than none. Moreover, under our system delays are more to be expected, because measures are initiated by members and committees of Congress, not, as in England, by the Administration. It is the English custom for the ministers, who are a committee in perpetual session, to meet Parliament with measures carefully prepared. But there is nothing like that at the opening of Congress, for the President and Secretaries merely express their opinions, and make individual recommendations, which do not involve their continuance in office. Congress may disregard or reject every proposition of the Administration, but nothing happens. In England, however, if the measures of the ministry are defeated, the Administration retires. It was to be expected, therefore, that some weeks, or even months, would pass before decisive action was taken in Congress upon any financial policy, and, as we write, it is still impossible to say what will be done.

The pressure for expansion is still very stringent, and the debate seems to have assumed almost a sectional aspect. Senators **MORTON**, of Indiana, and **LOGAN**, of Illinois, **FERRY**, of Michigan, and **WRIGHT**, of Iowa, have steadfastly insisted upon inflation, while the Eastern sentiment in the Senate has been adverse. Senators **SHERMAN**, of Ohio, however, and **SCHURZ**, of Missouri, have resolutely resisted expansion, and the Chicago *Tribune* says that a majority of the Western Republican papers are opposed to it. Senator **CAMERON**, of Pennsylvania, stands with the inflationists; and it is agreed that whenever the Senate votes upon the issue, which it may now do at any time, it will be very equally divided. The House has evidently had no opinion upon the subject. There is, however, a general impression that it will sustain the resolution reported by Mr. **DAWES** from the Committee on Ways and Means to inflate the currency by legalizing the issue of the so-called reserve. If it does that, it will very readily do more; for that will be a concession of the principle. Even Mr. **MORTON** now asks only for about fifty millions more than the reserve.

The speech of Mr. **DAWES** upon receipts and expenses will probably have been criticised by General **GARFIELD**, and perhaps by Mr. **ELLIS H. ROBERTS**, before this paper is issued. Its burden is an old theme of his, the extravagance of the departments, and the necessity of retrenchment. The speech has been denounced as injurious to the party; and it is insinuated, as it was three or four years ago, after a similar speech from him, that Mr. **DAWES** might leave the faults of Republican administration to be exposed by its opponents, and that it is very hard for the Republican leader of the House to furnish clubs for the enemy to knock the party on the head. But the clubs in question are evidently the facts stated in the speech. Did Mr. **DAWES** invent them? If he did not, it is those who are responsible for the facts who furnish the clubs. And if the extravagance of estimate and of appropriation that he condemns is entirely in his imagination or in his miscalculation, let that be clearly proved, and his clubs will only break his own head, not that of the party. But if, on the other hand, Mr. **DAWES** has told the truth, it is better for the party that it should be stated by him than by his opponents, for the Republican party does not claim to be immaculate—that is the peculiar praise of the Democrats; but if it is not mad, having ascertained its own errors, it will abandon them.

Certainly some of the measures of retrenchment proposed by Mr. **DAWES** have been under the consideration of the House and its committees, but his remarks are not therefore superfluous. They will serve, in fact, as a sharp spur to action as well as consideration. They will furnish reasons to some hesitating souls. They present a distinct standard by which the conclusions of the party majority can be measured. For the important point is not whether Congress is deliberating, for instance, about reducing the expenditures for public buildings, but whether it votes to reduce them. We are not aware that the famous speech of Mr. **DAWES**, just before the New Hampshire election in 1870, we believe, against which there was such an outcry, and which he even went into New Hampshire to explain, seriously injured the party, or harmed it in the least. An Administration which is spending money too fast, and when its attention is called to the fact by its friends, reduces its expenses, need not fear public disapproval. The menacing spectre which is called in Congress "the people" is very different from the mass of sensible and intelligent persons who compose "the country." Politicians in the United States, as in England, speak of "the people" as if they were children and idiots. But generally the politicians themselves are the least engaging representatives of the people.

A very good proposition of retrenchment is that of Senator **FENTON**'s bill abolishing moieties and regulating the salaries of customs officers, and another is Mr. **WOODFORD**'s bill in the House for the entire reorganization of the customs service. It provides for the appointment of three commissioners, one of whom, at least, shall have been an importing merchant, to codify, simplify, and arrange the customs laws and regulations, and who shall report by the 1st of November, 1874. This is a measure that we have often urged, and which is imperative. A recent report from the Secretary of the Treasury to the House states that between March 1, 1869, and November 30, 1873, the informer **JAYNE** received more than a hundred thousand dollars as his share of certain specified forfeitures, penalties, and settlements under the revenue laws; and that, apart from these cases, his share of the spoils of **PHELPS, DODGE, & CO.** was more than $65,000, with many thousands more in other cases. During the same time the Secretary states that the share of the Collector of the Port, from fines and forfeitures and settlements, was more than $400,000, and that of the Surveyor and Naval Officer more than $300,000 each. Of a net amount of $2,007,854 46 covered into the Treasury, $987,132 49 were paid to the Collector, Surveyor, Naval Officer, and informers, leaving in the Treasury for the United States $1,020,721 97. These seizures and forfeitures involve not only the most startling individual briberies, subornations, and demoralizations, but they outrage some of the most sacred principles of civilized society. Indeed, the fullness of time seems to have arrived for revising the foreign revenue service, and Congress will not have met in vain if it orders the revision.

A REFORM DEFEATED.

THE Assembly of New York has refused to submit to the people the proposed amendment to the Constitution providing that certain State officers shall be appointed by the Governor instead of being elected by the people. Forty-one Republicans and one Democrat voted to submit the amendment, and twenty-seven Republicans and seventy-six Democrats opposed the submission. Mr. **CHARLES S. SPENCER** was the chief of the opponents, and the argument was the old one that the submission showed a distrust of the people. On the contrary, it is the refusal to submit to popular judgment a proposition carefully prepared by a non-partisan commission which shows an unwillingness to trust the people. The talk of the orators of the majority was the merest clap-trap; for the question is in what manner the will of the people can be made most effective, and not at all whether or not the people shall control. The actual alternative offered to the voter by the amendment is a choice between the present practice of appointment of the officers in question by the slate of a secret and irresponsible knot of political managers at a convention, or by the open and responsible nomination of the Governor. There is not a man familiar with the facts of politics who does not know that the latter method is the one by which the will of the people would be most truly carried out.

The result is interesting as showing how little the real principle of a popular government is understood by those who shout most loudly for the sovereign people. The essential point in a popular system is the control of the whole government by means of a periodical election. But whether all subordinate officers shall be elected, or whether some may not more wisely be appointed by those who are elected, is a question of expediency solely, and the vehement rhetoric that appointment shows distrust of the people merely proves the folly or the knavery of those who indulge in it. A parasite of the people is as contemptible as the flatterer of a prince, and the man who to-day is most abjectly obsequious to the people would be the first to worship the king to-morrow.

The loss of the amendment is the defeat of the people of the State, and the triumph of the canal and kindred rings. We are glad to see among its supporters the names of all the leading Republicans in the Assembly, including Speaker **HUSTED**, who came down from the chair and made a forcible appeal for the submission to the people. Something has been said of a recurrence of the question in the form of an amendment from the last Assembly. But that is improbable, for the vote was very full and very decisive; and thus those who profess the most unbounded confidence in the people have prevented their voting upon the most important proposition of the Constitutional Commission.

THE BOSTON COLLECTORSHIP.

No friend of a reform of the civil service ever counted upon the sympathy of professional politicians or the support of Congress. Patronage is the sole capital of the professional politician, and both the love of power and the selfish necessity of a good understanding with the party managers and agents explain the position of Congress. The President, however, has an immense power to influence the reform, if he chooses to exert it. He could not do it, of course, without encountering the most strenuous opposition. He could not maintain a detailed system, necessarily involving expense, if Congress should refuse an appropriation. The Civil Service Commission might be virtually abolished by the want of means to prosecute its work. But the President alone, were he profoundly convinced of the righteousness and necessity of the reform, might inspire its friends, who are now legion, to insist upon it more earnestly; might, in fact, appeal to the country by the character of his nominations, to its sympathy, its admiration, its confidence, and the results of the appeal would very soon be felt in the election of members of Congress favorable to reform.

This was President **GRANT**'s opportunity. What the country wanted was unmistakable evidence of his earnest interest and purpose, which he and he alone could furnish. Expressions of sympathy were not enough, for acts were demanded. The adoption of rules was not enough, but proof that they were to be enforced. And this proof could be found only in the character and circumstances of his nominations. The country can know little of the observance of rules for the examination of clerks, however just and desirable they may be. It can not see clerkships in Washington nor inspectorships in San Francisco; but every community can see the chief offices in its own neighborhood, and understand how they are filled. If appointments to them are made in the spirit of reform, the country will take the letter for granted. If the Collector be nominated because of character and fitness alone, not for mere partisan and political reasons, it is easy to believe that the lesser posts will be properly filled.

But this is the very proof that the President has not furnished, and the want of it is the reason of the doubt, distrust, and contempt with which the movement has been regarded. Had his own action showed a strict regard for the spirit of reform, its best friends would have been satisfied, for he would have proved the sincerity of his purpose. The whole country would have seen that whether Congress liked or disliked, whether this Senator thought it was nonsense or that Senator was sure it would ruin the party, the President meant reform. The Senate, indeed, might have rejected his nominations, but the nominations would have shown the President's determination; and if while he nominated honest and fit persons the Senate rejected them for party reasons, the Senate, not the President, would have been responsible for the injury of delay in the public service.

When the Collector of Boston recently resigned, the President was not bound by the letter of his rules nor by their spirit necessarily to nominate a subordinate, for he and the Secretary of the Treasury might not have thought any subordinate the proper man for the place. But he was plainly bound by the spirit of the reform which he has announced to nominate some person known especially for character and fitness, and especially *not* known as so active and unscrupulous a politician that the State Convention of his own party had denounced him for improper interference with the independence of electors, and had called upon the President to remove him for such reasons from the office that he then held. It is simply impossible that a President who sincerely resolved to reform the civil service upon the principles which President **GRANT** has approved should have nominated Mr. **SIMMONS**.

The political condition of the country gave the President an opportunity of restoring the public service to its true principles such as has not occurred for many years, and can not soon return. No President, indeed, is to be lightly blamed for shrinking from such a work, and it could be accomplished only by one who was profoundly convinced of the peril of the existing system, who fully comprehended the nature and details of the remedy, and who trusted its efficacy. He must have attacked the mischief with the firmness of **JACKSON** in assaulting the Bank, and with the patriotic self-sacrifice of Sir **ROBERT PEEL** in repealing the Corn Laws. Certainly the hour invited the man. The very difficulty was the incentive. The government is menaced by the corruption that springs from political patronage, and a radical reform of the system of appointments offers the most obvious remedy. Those who believe this will not cease to regret that the Hercules who slew the hydra of rebellion has been baffled by the Augean stable of the civil service.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL IN OHIO.

THE temperance revival in Ohio began at Christmas, and during the two months of its continuance about a hundred liquor shops have been closed. We understand that the part of the State in which the movement began was a region in which more whisky was drunk than in any other, and in which, consequently, the suffering of the women was greater. The excitement has had all the characteristics of such events—a fervor of feeling taking the religious form, with an extravagance of conduct which would often be very ludicrous if it were not very serious and touching. For this outbreak is the cry of mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters against a desolating evil with which the law and all other influences apparently wrestle in vain. Nothing is easier than to be good-naturedly satirical upon it, as it was always possible in the days of slavery to draw ludicrous pictures of Sambo and Cuffee. But when the flippant joker upon a subject whose terrible reality he did not comprehend, traveling among what seemed to be the refined and accomplished white society of the Slave States, suddenly saw a young woman sold in an auction shop with second-hand furniture and kitchen utensils, he joked no longer, and saw in Sambo and Cuffee thereafter not the least of the little ones of the Master.

It is the essential reality of the temperance crusade in Ohio which makes it important. Of course it will be "exploited" by professional philanthropists and agitators. Charlatans and witless enthusiasts will often prejudice the wise and sympathetic spectator. A kind of religious frenzy and folly will pain the sincerely devout. Many will shake their heads at the probable reaction, and more will be disgusted at what will seem to them shallow sensationalism. But when all is said, and all objection admitted, there remains the reason of this movement. The women whose homes are ruined, whose hearts are broken, whose lives are wasted by drunken husbands and sons; who see at every corner the smiling fiend, the devil's trap set to catch human happiness; who are dragged hopelessly downward, day by day, toward abject, helpless poverty and all its terrible temptations, and who see no succor any where—these women and their tragedy are the power and the consecration of every such movement. The hymns may be poor stuff, and the prayers mere gushes of vanity and conceit, and the excitement a physical frenzy, but under all the mean phenomena is the inexpressible and far-reaching sorrow of suffering women. A dram-seller who sees a wife whose husband he has ruined appealing to God in her misery, as she kneels in his presence or before his door, is the very kind of man to be profoundly, even superstitiously, disturbed, and to vow to renounce his trade. He can deal with mobs of swearing men and pistols, but a throng of women kneeling in prayer for him perplexes and confounds him.

That drunkenness is to be suppressed by a burst of emotion, however profound or sincere, is not to be supposed. It is not a mere habit, it is a vice which has far-spreading roots, both physical and moral. It is peculiar to certain races and temperaments and conditions, and undoubtedly the permanently effective warfare upon it is that of character. But there is no more suggestive text in the Gospels than the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." There is opportunity in the world for every gift and every diversity of gift. Here is an enormous evil, no single source of domestic unhappiness so universal and desolating, the cause of most of the public crime with which society deals, swelling the taxes, filling the prisons, picking every man's pocket, yet steadily increasing. In the city of New York, the Excise Commissioners tell us, there are now seven thousand three hundred and twenty-two liquor shops, being, as the *Times* says, nearly one for every one hundred and thirty-six persons. What crime and unspeakable sorrow those figures represent!

But if any thing is to be done for public relief, public attention must be aroused. If the final remedy lie, as undoubtedly it does, in character, in greater moral force of self-control, the necessity of that action must be shown, and by nothing can it be more effectually done than by a cry which will be heard from those who suffer first and most cruelly. And this, not the closing of the shops, is the real value of the movement in Ohio. Distasteful and disagreeable in many ways as the circumstances of moral reform often are, it is yet a temperance lecture whose eloquence rings through the land. It helps to deepen the conviction not that every body must abstain from wine—which is, however, a method that may be useful and even indispensable for many—not that any special plan already proposed shall be adopted, but that drunkenness is a subject which must be dealt with by society as well as by the individual, which will not relax its demand upon the most careful consideration until it receives it, and, whether by law or by moral influence alone, society begins to abate this evil, as it has already abated others.

JOVELLAR IN CUBA.

Since the excitement of the *Virginius* public attention has been diverted from Cuba. But the recent proclamation and orders of the Captain-General show that one more effort is to be made to conquer the insurrection. The whole island is placed under martial law, and all persons between twenty and forty-five years of age are to be enrolled in the militia, and one in every ten is to be immediately placed in active service, while all persons over forty-five years must also furnish one man to every ten of their number for service. If that is impossible, they must pay a thousand dollars for every man wanting. But nobody is to escape service in case of need, and therefore every body is included in one of four classes of militia, all liable to duty under certain conditions. One slave in every thousand must be given for military labor, and at the end of the campaign all who survive will be liberated, and a thousand dollars each paid for them by the government. In the interior vigilance committees are to be organized to watch and guard and isolate the insurgents, and all small and unimportant interior towns are to be destroyed.

This is, for the insurrection, a reign of terror. If the orders are obeyed, the condition of the island will be one that can not long endure, for industry and business must be paralyzed, and some crisis of the situation will be forced. The Volunteer chiefs are said to have approved the orders of the Captain-General; but the difficulty is that mere ferocity can not do the work of patriotic fervor. The Volunteers are virtually aliens in Cuba, and they have not the feeling for their native land which would make them invincible. They must constantly doubt the permanence of the home situation, and fear lest the liberal opinions which they detest should become dominant in Spain. The conditions under which the Cubans carry on the war are unfavorable to regular military operations. Scattered in bands over a wide extent of territory, whose mountains and forests are traversed only by foot and bridle paths, they hold out against regular troops with annoying pertinacity. Now and then they swoop down upon a supply train, and capture large stores of provisions and ammunition, and occasionally they have been successful in attacks upon columns of troops which had ventured unwarily into their mountain fastnesses. If the Spanish forces could meet the Cubans in the open field, there is little doubt that their superiority of arms and discipline would enable them to strike a decisive blow; but that the insurrection can not be tired out seems to be now demonstrated; and as it is understood that the financial situation is becoming very grave, some kind of positive action is imperative. Of the revolution there are still only the vaguest accounts. The Cubans in New York occasionally wink and shrug, so to speak, as if great news were just about to arrive; but the facts themselves are still most shadowy. The Volunteers declare that the new and vigorous system will crush the revolution in six months; and the friends of the revolution whisper that the patriots will capture Puerto Principe, the capital of the Eastern Department, in six days.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. VIII.

For the first time since Roundheads and Cavaliers discussed the weighty points of theology in the fashion of the seventeenth century a violent contest has sprung up between the patient Dissenters and the English Church. It has never been the custom of the Non-conformists to speak or think harshly of the ruling sect. They have borne with extraordinary patience civil disabilities that to Archbishop Manning would seem real persecutions, and social indignities that are often more provoking than pecuniary losses. To sturdy Churchmen they have always seemed an inferior caste, and they have ever been curtly excluded from the cathedrals their money had helped to build, and from the rites and ceremonials they were taxed to adorn; have been expelled from the Church they are forced to support, and even forbidden Christian burial in the grave-yards of the nation. The Church of England, in fact, has always held an exclusive rule over all other English sects more severe and oppressive than is known in any Continental nation. In France the government pays the salaries indifferently of Catholics and Huguenots; in Germany and Switzerland all sects are maintained alike at the common cost. Nor would any sovereign or state dare to cover with emoluments and privileges any one denomination from the property of the others. All are treated alike, and profit from the common endowment. But the English Church has always maintained a selfish supremacy over all its Protestant contemporaries. It gathers its tithes from Dissenters as well as Churchmen. It taxes all other sects to maintain its ascendency. St. Paul's and Westminster were chiefly built or repaired from a tax on coal. The House of Commons from 1800 to 1843 voted £1,500,000 for building churches; but should Wesleyans or Baptists apply for similar aid, their request would seem too ludicrous to deserve a reply. All notion of impartiality has been wholly thrown aside. No English statesman has ever seemed conscious of the injustice he was countenancing; and the English government has maintained a policy which the example of every progressive nation might have taught it to abandon long ago as opposed to the principles of natural equity and of Christian tolerance.

Yet all this the Non-conformists have borne for centuries with scarcely a complaint. They were content with their inferiority so long as they were permitted to labor unimpeded in their humble sphere. They have seen their just claims to an equal toleration dismissed without a murmur; they have supplied the deficiencies of the Establishment at their own cost, and preserved the Christianity of England with no help from the state. But for Non-conformist labors and sacrifices one-half the English people would have been left in utter religious destitution. In the metropolis the Establishment provided but one church for ten thousand people in 1839. The Non-conformist bodies already supply religious instruction to more than a moiety of the nation. They already outnumber the members of the ruling Church. Disdained and decried, they have long been the intellectual superiors of the exclusive hierarchy that looked down upon them. From the Non-conformists have come nearly all the important reforms that have made England prosperous and great. To them is chiefly due the abolition of slavery, the Reform Bill of 1832, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the enlargement of the suffrage, the slow elevation of the laboring masses. From their hardier training have sprung many of England's most renowned names in politics or letters. Brougham, Mackintosh, Macaulay, Buckle and Mill, Bright and Cobden, Miall, Forster, the author of the Education Act, Reed and Morley, its strenuous supporters—I had almost said Gladstone and Disraeli, the gladiators of the political games—have risen from Non-conformist families, or have won their cultivation beyond the limits of the Church. Yet of all their own disabilities this powerful body might never have complained had not a last act of ecclesiastical oppression touched them in the very centre of their strength.

This was the twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act of 1870. By its effect, the Non-conformists assert, the greater part of the schools of the nation have been placed under the control of the Church. In nearly every rural village or country town Church schools have been founded under the new act to the exclusion of all others. The priests, the Dissenters exclaim, would snatch from them their children, and train them in the doctrines and rites abhorred by their forefathers. The Education Act, of which the Non-conformists have ever been the firmest advocates, has been wrested from its real purpose by the ruling hierarchy. Between three and four thousand Church schools have been suddenly created by government aid. Not content with taking their money and their tithes, with excluding them from the national churches and the national burial-grounds, the imprudent Churchmen have assailed them in a vital point, where to yield would be a certain ruin.

Roused by the treacherous blow, the Non-conformists have suddenly assumed a new character. Patient as they have heretofore ever been, they have now cast away all tenderness for their oppressors. They have risen against the Church with a fierce resolution that recalls the invectives of Milton against hirelings, of Puritans against the servants of Laud. They demand non-sectarian education, after the manner of America. They declare that nothing will satisfy them but the disestablishment of the Church. They are resolved no longer to pay for the support of a sect that is already deeply tainted with Romanism. They demand perfect freedom of conscience, and immunity from ecclesiastical control. There is no longer any of that generous forbearance with which Dissenters were once accustomed to speak of the faults of their erring brother. Every vice of the Establishment is now commented on with austere severity, and with Miltonic energy they arraign the Church of England of high crimes and misdemeanors before the whole people.

And the catalogue of its errors may well secure its conviction. Political ambition and tyranny, selfish pride, an unchristian contempt for its feebler brethren, a haughty luxury in its higher orders, and the miserable destitution of a large body of the inferior priests; indolence, sloth, an utter want of moral delicacy, a fearful and universal violation of their oaths of induction by nearly all its clergy—are the chief of the long list of alleged corruptions. Proof is not wanting of every one of them. The ambition of intriguing Churchmen has long been notorious. The Church has grasped all the national property appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes. It exacts its tithes, it demands fees for burial and baptism. Its total revenues, derived chiefly from public grants at different periods, is estimated at over $30,000,000. Its bishops receive salaries varying from $20,000 to $80,000 a year. The Archbishop of Canterbury has £15,000, the Bishop of London £10,000, besides their palaces. The Bishop of Durham has £8000. Of the revenues of the cathedrals, Durham boasts an income of more than $250,000, and Canterbury about half as much. Many deans and canons live in wasteful opulence, doing no duty, or scarcely any. The wealth of the higher orders of the clergy, drawn from lands that were once national property, often rivals that of the greatest bankers and merchants. One had saved at his death $500,000; many others are almost as successful.

But, in contrast with this clerical opulence, we are presented with a sadder picture. It is stated that of the working clergy, of curates and poor incumbents, many receive less than £100 a year, and that large numbers are in a condition of extraordinary want. One writes that his children live on bread and water, another that his family have no clothes nor food. One is sick and starving. A society has been established for the relief of the needy clergy. It is overwhelmed with applications. Of the twenty thousand clergymen of the Church of England, while many live in opulence, thousands suffer in practical destitution, and the Dissenters inveigh with just acrimony against that unchristian spirit which suffers honest and active curates to starve by thousands while useless deans and lordly bishops live in fatal luxury.

Under a severe scrutiny the errors of the English Church have been brought into startling notoriety. The abuses of centuries have been slowly revealed. It is found that the cathedral revenues have been wholly diverted from their proper objects; that they neither educate the people, nor extend the Gospel, nor help the poor; that cathedral towns are centres of vice, and that Ely, Canterbury, or Durham would have been happy had Puritan or Wycliffite razed their splendid cathedrals to the ground. But the most fatal charge brought against Anglicanism is its wide-spread simony. The sale of livings is something so shocking to every honest conscience that many of the highest dignitaries of the English Church now unite in denouncing it. It seems that every English clergyman makes oath at his ordination that he has made no "simoniacal payment," nor been concerned in any, in order to obtain his preferment. Yet the painful fact is evident that he is willing to accept the benefit of the sale of the right of preaching. He is a consenting party, though no doubt unconsciously, to the sin of Simon Magus. The sale of livings, it seems, grew up in the Church after the reign of Edward VI., and is a modern corruption that should be sternly repressed. Clergymen are appointed in England with no thought of the wishes or wants of their parishioners. The Prince of Wales, who can scarcely be held the most fitting judge of the religious necessities of his people, appoints to seventy-six parishes. The Lord Chancellor, who may be of any creed or none, decides the spiritual fate of nearly eight hundred churches. Wealthy laymen have the disposition of four thousand "cures of souls." The results are often singularly unhappy. High-Churchmen are forced upon Low-Church congregations, immoral and irreligious men are made to assume the care of important parishes, the country vicar is often more constant at the meeting of the neighboring hounds than at morning prayer, the rural rector indulges in all "gentlemanly" vices, and the sale of Church preferments has become as public and notorious as that of houses and lands. The London *Times* or the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* abounds in advertisements of livings for sale. Some are recommended for easy duties, some for the good society they offer, some because the present incumbent must soon pass away, some even because they are near a meet of fox-hounds. It is estimated that one-tenth of the whole number of the English parishes have recently been offered for sale.

In their demand for a disestablishment of the ruling Church, and a more just distribution of the ecclesiastical property, it seems not improbable that the Non-conformists will be successful. They have the support of many honest and intelligent Anglicans. They have already abolished slavery, the borough system, the Corn Laws, tithes in kind, and a throng of abuses. They will at last achieve religious equality. Under the voluntary system the English Church may easily reform its later errors, and become that liberal and popular institution which it was the plain design of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, its early founders, to create. It may purge itself from every trace of Romanism or ritualism by the light of the fires of Smithfield.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the United States Senate, February 16, the bill for the equalization of the currency was again brought up, and Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, offered a substitute for the committee's bill, repealing all acts of Congress which limit or restrict the amount of notes for circulation, and providing that all associations organized to carry on banking shall be free to establish national banks, with circulation subject to all limitation now provided by law except the limit as to circulation. On February 19 the substitute was defeated. A motion by Senator Cooper, made the same day, to provide for the convertibility of United States Treasury notes into gold coin, and also for free banking under the provisions of the National Bank Act, was then adopted.—The Senate, February 20, adopted the instructions of Mr. Merrimon to the Finance Committee to bring in a bill increasing the volume of the currency $46,000,000, or to provide that its limit shall be $400,000,000. Mr. Cooper's convertible bond project was reconsidered, and voted down by a large majority.—In the House of Representatives, February 16, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution that the members of the House and Senate re-assemble in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on September 6, 1874, in informal joint session, in centennial commemoration of the delegates from the several colonies of North America in 1774. The resolution was referred.—On the next day the House, by a vote of 118 to 96, seated Mr. Wiltshire, on *prima facie* evidence, for the Third District of Arkansas.—The House Judiciary Committee, February 18, reported adversely on a petition for a theological amendment of the Constitution.

The only business of importance concluded by the New York State Legislature during the week was the rejection by the Assembly of the fifth article of the State Constitution, providing for the appointment of certain State officers by the Governor.—The Assembly Committee on Public Health reported, February 20, in favor of a State Board of Public Health.

The women in this city, Brooklyn, New Jersey, and Staten Island are making preparations to inaugurate a war against liquor-selling similar to that now being waged in the West.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that under the law of the Commonwealth a woman can fill any local office of an administrative character, the duties of which can be performed by a woman.

Governor Dix has removed District Attorney Britton, of King's County, and Thomas N. Rodman has been appointed in his place.

General Lewis T. Wigfall, of Confederate renown, died in Galveston, Texas, February 18.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership February 17, and was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli, who was immediately summoned to form a new cabinet. The newly chosen ministers are as follows: Mr. Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury; Baron Cairns, Lord High Chancellor; the Duke of Richmond, Lord President of the Council; the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Privy Seal; Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Richard Assheton Cross, Home Secretary; the Earl of Derby, Foreign Secretary; the Earl of Caernarvon, Colonial Secretary; the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary for India; Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary for War; Mr. George Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord John Manners, Postmaster-General; Lord Sandon, Vice-President of the Council; Lord George Charles Lennox, Commissioner of Works and Buildings; Mr. W. H. Smith, Member of Parliament elect from Westminster, Financial Secretary of the Treasury.

At a dinner given by the Czar of Russia to the Emperor of Austria, the Prince of Wales, and other royal persons on February 15, the Czar said that the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of England, the Emperor of Austria, and himself would preserve the peace of the world.

The Paris newspapers print in full Count von Moltke's speech in the German Reichstag on the Military Bill, and comment on the gravity of the situation.

The Duc de Broglie has sent a circular to the French prefects directing them to keep a watch upon the citizens who leave their departments for Chiselhurst to pay homage to the Prince Imperial on his becoming of age.

Severe fighting has been going on in Biscay for several days. General Dorregarray, with 25,000 insurgents, holds the heights above Somorrostro. The Republicans have taken the first height. Their losses are heavy. The wounded are coming into Santander. The garrison of Vinaroz, numbering 200, has been captured by the Carlists.

Three railroad accidents occurred in England February 20, causing the death of two persons and the wounding of several others.

Lunalilo, late King of the Sandwich Islands, is dead.

The British Foreign Office still entertains doubts as to the truth of the reports of Dr. Livingstone's death. The Rev. Robert Moffatt, the celebrated English minister, is also in doubt as to the correctness of the report.

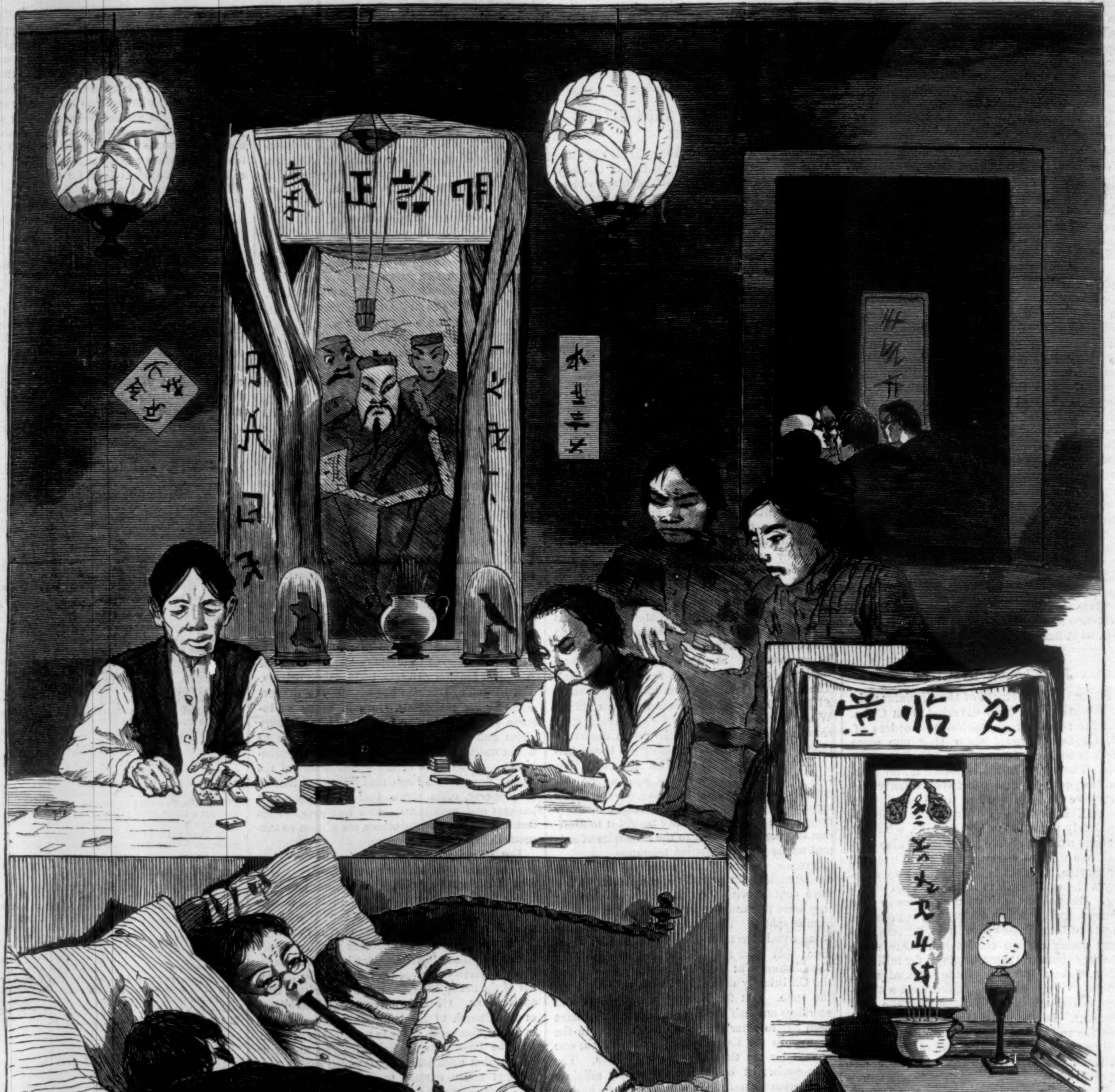
Miss Brawood, an American woman, has climbed 13,671 feet to the summit of the Jungfrau Mountain, in Switzerland.

Three regiments are to be sent out from England to Canada. One regiment will be stationed at Quebec.

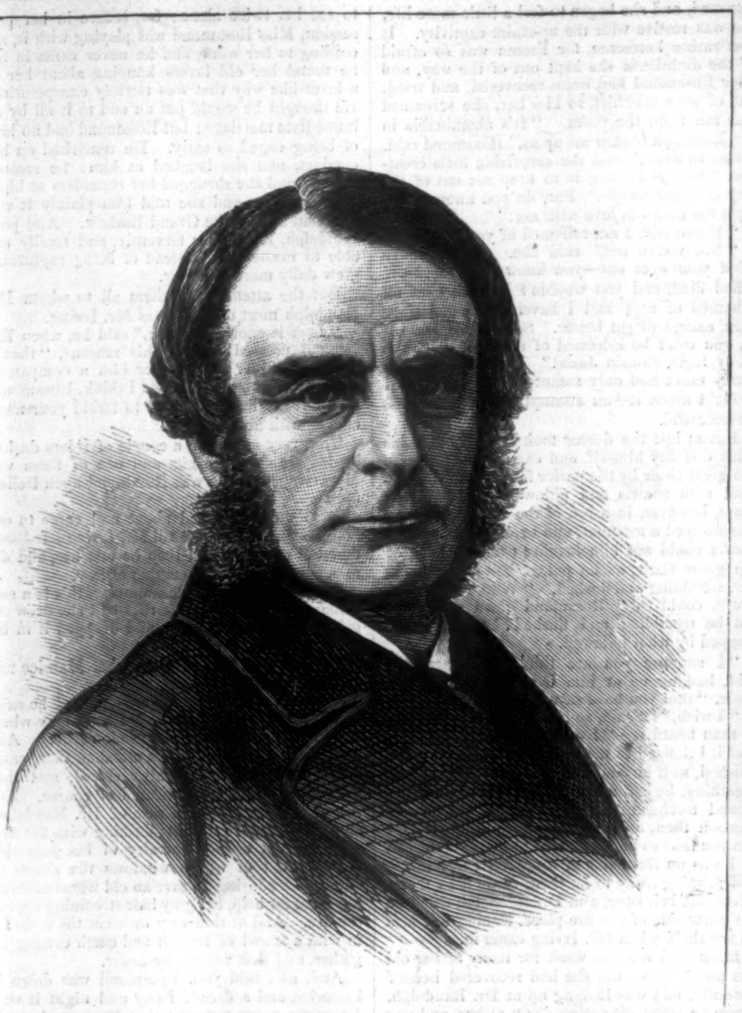
The *Faraday*, a steam-ship of 5000 tons burden, built for the purpose of laying the new cables in the Atlantic Ocean, was launched at Newcastle February 20.

Political disturbances are apprehended in Japan. Minister Iwakura has tendered his resignation, which the Mikado refuses to accept. The people clamor for war against the Coreans.

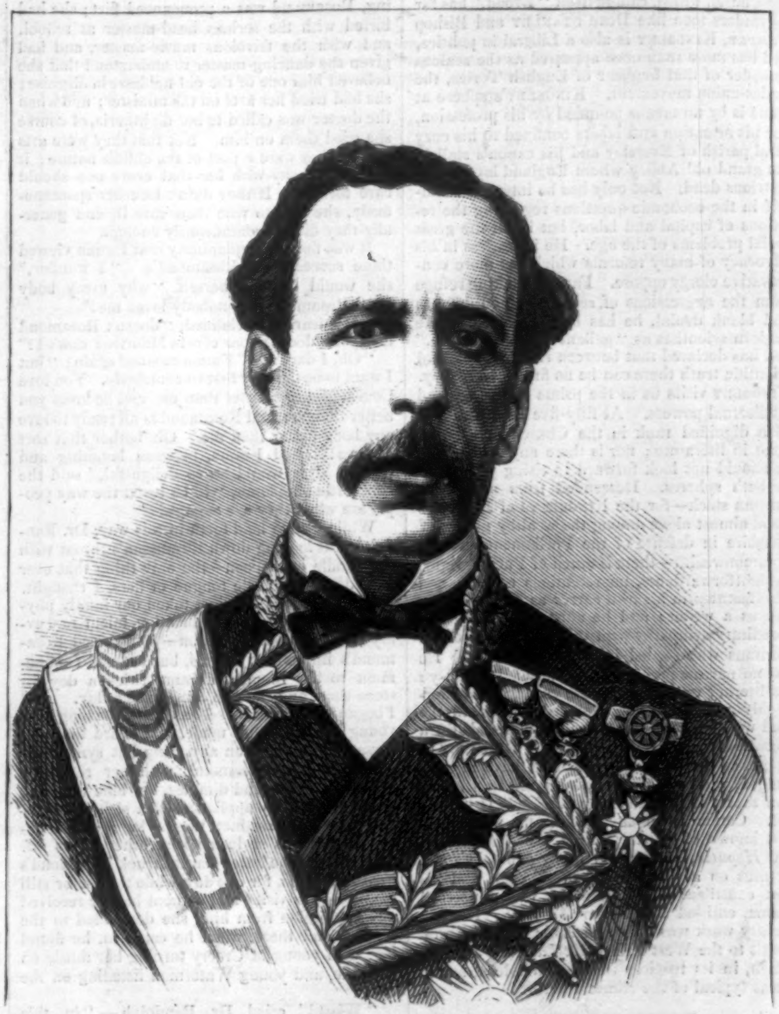
The *Popolo Romano* says Cardinal Antonelli has sent a circular letter to all the bishops, asking them to come to Rome, as the Pope wishes to see them before he dies.



THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK—SCENE IN A BAXTER STREET CLUB-HOUSE.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

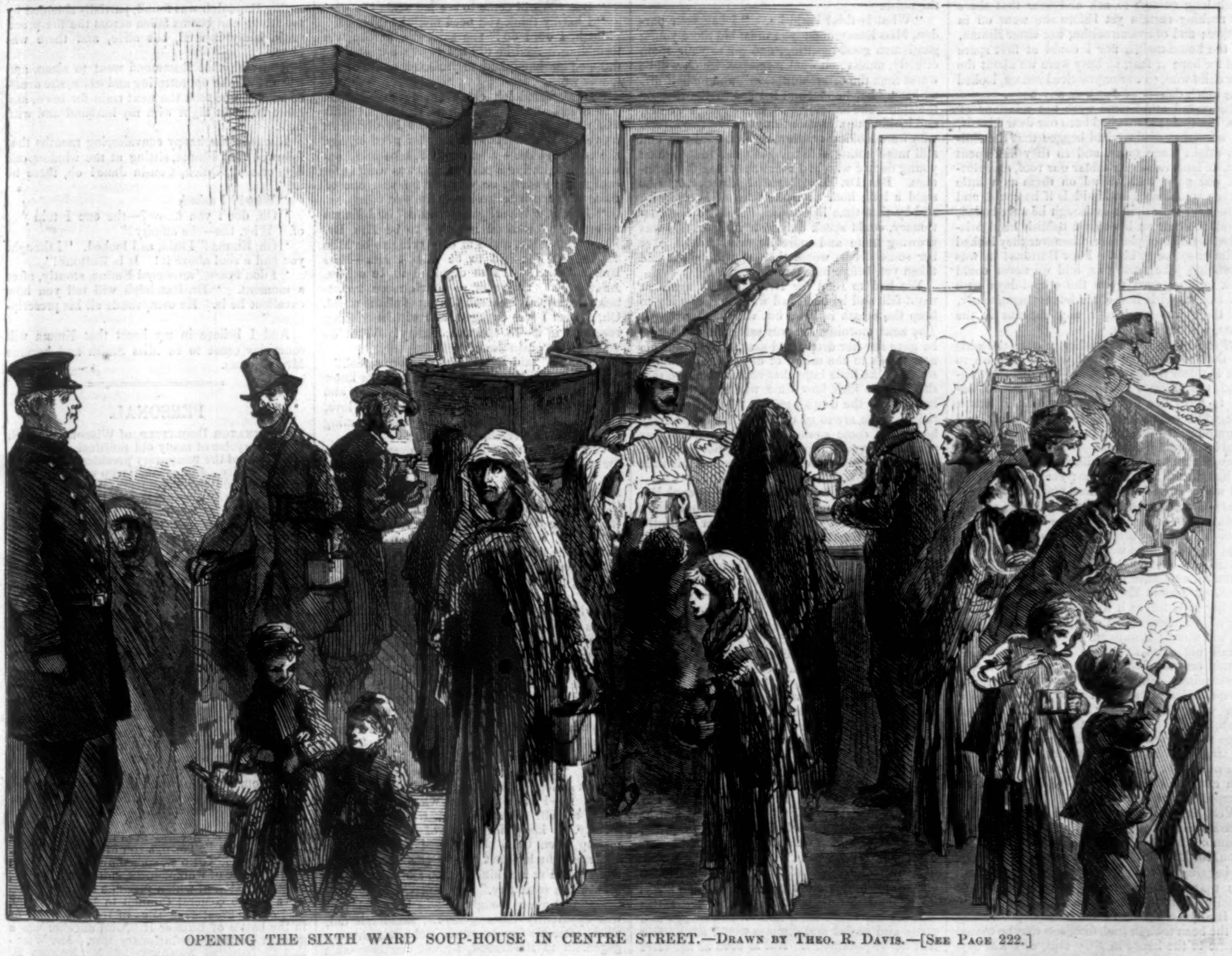


CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR.—[SEE PAGE 222.]

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, of whom we give a portrait on this page, is principally known in the United States as the author of many interesting and healthy novels, replete with bright thoughts and fine description, with incidents which are at once striking and natural, and with heroes and heroines whom readers can recognize as men and women of flesh and blood like themselves. KINGSLEY has a distinct place and rank among romancers: he is the copyist of no one; he is the champion and advocate of physical exercise and powers, the preacher of a sturdy "muscular Christianity;" and his creations are so pure and fresh and full of excellent lessons that, in moral qualities at least, there is no living novelist his superior.

In his own country, however, he is known as one of the chief lights of the Established Church, in which he has attained the respectable eminence of a cathedral canon. Distinguished as one of the most liberal as well as forcible and eloquent of her preachers, connected with that branch of



OPENING THE SIXTH WARD SOUP-HOUSE IN CENTRE STREET.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 222.]

the Church which, calling itself "Broad," has for its leaders men like Dean Stanley and Bishop Temple, Kingsley is also a Liberal in politics, and has more than once appeared as the zealous defender of that bugbear of English Tories, the trades-union movement. Kingsley's sphere at home is by no means bounded by his profession, nor his attention and labors confined to his cozy rural parish of Eversley and his canon's stall in the grand old Abbey where England lays her illustrious dead. Not only has he interested himself in the economic questions regarding the relations of capital and labor, but in all the great social problems of the age. He is fearless in his advocacy of many reforms which the more conservative clergy oppose. Far from taking refuge from the aggressions of science behind dogmas and blank denial, he has boldly welcomed the modern scientists as "gallant and honest men," and has declared that between real religious and scientific truth there can be no final discrepancy. Kingsley visits us in the prime of his age and intellectual powers. At fifty-five he has attained a dignified rank in the Church and a ripe fame in literature; nor is there any reason why he should not look forward to rising yet higher in both spheres. Descended from a stalwart Puritan stock—for the Kingsleys of Delamere stood almost alone among the wealthy gentry of Cheshire in defense of the Parliament and the Commonwealth—there is much of Puritan vigor, straightforwardness, unpretentious courage, and steadfastness in his own career as a Churchman and as a writer; and he must have at least a hereditary sympathy with the descendants of the Puritans who settled in the New World. He has no narrow prejudices, no national jealousy; his literary temperament, moreover, is too thoroughly genial and good-natured to seek, in the land where he is a guest, for the materials for a sensational satire. We may trust Kingsley to judge, as Tyndall and Froude have already judged, whether Mr. Goldwin Smith's assertion that "Americans hate England" is true or not. Canon Kingsley, besides his novels, the best known of which, perhaps, are *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*, has written many pamphlets and lectures on a wide variety of subjects, and his first contribution to literature was a poetical drama, entitled *The Saints' Tragedy*. His last literary work was an enthusiastic description of a visit to the West Indies, *At Last*, the style of which, in its tropical richness and luxuriance, seems typical of the climes described.

ROSAMOND AND HER LOVERS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It was a dreadful day and night we passed. My husband had been on the spot. Rosamond was helpless in hysterics, and though the telegrams came every hour, there was no good word in them; and Rosamond only came out of one attack long enough to ask and hear that there was nothing certain yet before she went off in another; and of course neither her sister Emma, nor the house-maids, nor I could at first spare time for hope or fear, so busy were we about the poor child who, to our unpracticed senses, looked in as much danger of death as any body.

Rosamond and Emma were not relations of ours, but their parents had been our dear friends, and when they died we had begged that the children might come to us, and so they had spent all their long vacations under our roof, and Buttons, our page, had waited on them as a little heathen would wait on his idols if he could, and his face turned as pink as though he were boiled, and all the hair on his round baldish head bristled with thrills of pleasure, whenever they looked at him or spoke to him. Poor Buttons! he was a standing joke among us, and we never could think of him, even when the school-days were over and the girls had come home permanently, and there was no longer any Buttons in the house, without a laugh.

Of course we had no authority over the girls but that of affection, but it was a pleasure to have the dear things round us—only when Rosamond, the brighter and prettier of the two, began to have her lovers, we saw that it was a little while we should be able to keep her, and congratulated ourselves that at any rate we should still retain Emma.

Rosamond was nothing like a beauty, and yet she had all the effect of one; she had that rich skin which any color becomes, and her eyes were always beaming, and her unruly hair was always turning up in little curls, and she had the sweetest mouth in the world, and the prettiest pearls in it; only her nose was any thing but what she wanted it. I suppose she would have gone to extremes, and have had as keen an aquiline as any hawk-beaked Roman lady's, could she have had her way, for, as it was, she had to make the best of what she called a pug. As for Emma, she was simply Rosamond's shadow—not quite so tall, not quite so plump, not quite so fresh-colored or curly-headed, and not by any means so charming. For Rosamond, with her vivacity, her quick temper and her good heart, her obliging ways, her confiding air, and her singing, certainly was charming; and after she came home the number of bouquets, in compliment of her singing, that were thrown into our ground-floor windows by her feeble-minded young lovers, with courage overwhelmed by infatuation, kept us supplied with flowers.

Well, the truth is that Rosamond was a flirt. Emma wasn't; she never had the chance, as Rosamond told her once, in answer to the accusation, instantly kissing her and crying over her, and begging all the pardons that there were, and from that moment making over to Emma, so formally as to render it laughable to us who saw it all, the best beau she had—a proceeding that the beau took in such dudgeon that he ceased to come to the house at all. But, as I was saying, Rosamond was a pronounced flirt; she had flirted with the serious head-master at school, and with the frivolous music-master, and had given the dancing-master to understand that she believed him one of the old noblesse in disguise; she had tried her arts on the minister; and when the doctor was called to her diphtheria, of course she tried them on him. Not that they were arts at all—they were a part of the child's nature; it was a necessity with her that every one should care for her. If they didn't love her spontaneously, she had to wile them into it, and generally they did it spontaneously enough.

It was not with equanimity that Emma viewed these successes of Rosamond's. "I wonder," she would bemoan herself, "why every body loves Rosamond and nobody loves me!"

"My dear," I exclaimed, "doesn't Rosamond love you? doesn't your cousin Maurice? don't I?"

"Oh, I dare say," Emma moaned again; "but I want to be the very first to somebody. You love Cousin Maurice better than me, and he loves you better than me, and Rosamond is all ready to love any body better than me. Oh, bother that sort of love!" cried Emma, between laughing and crying. "It would be so delightful," said the poor little simpleton, "to be loved the way people are when they are engaged!"

While Emma held forth in this way, Dr. Randolph was looking down Rosamond's throat with the handle of a spoon—the only thing that ever kept down that little tongue of hers, I thought. The doctor, who had just taken our family physician's place—Parisian education, talent, and every sort of recommendation—pronounced Rosamond's illness not serious, but ordered confinement to her room, and came twice a day for some time, and then he came once a day. And I began to bethink myself, as I saw the long calls young Dr. Randolph made, and heard the conversations, turning on any thing but symptoms, and looked at Rosamond, with her returning color, her smiles and dimples, her blue wrapper, and all the dainty appliances of a sick-room toilet, that some instinct taught her; and I observed that this seclusion kept other lovers off. And perhaps the latter clause struck Rosamond's perception also, for one day, while the doctor still continued his visits, and without having received any permission from him, she descended to the parlors, and there, when he came in, he found her, with young M'Creery turning her music on one side, and young Waterman listening on the other.

"What!" cried Dr. Randolph—"in this draught! And you are not attempting to sing!"

"Sing!" she said, turning on him, as the only thing to do—"I don't believe I ever shall sing again. Your wicked diphtherias and potashes and things have ruined my voice!" And she was so charming as she sat there on the piano-stool, with her high color and her pouting lip, that I didn't wonder the doctor seized both her hands in his. He pretended he was only feeling the pulse.

"What is this?" said he. "I beg your pardon, Miss Rosamond; you must bid these young gentlemen good-morning, and go to your room directly, unless you want a relapse, which will be worse than the original illness;" and he half lifted her by her hands, and led her to the foot of the stairs, she hanging back like a naughty child, and looking unutterable things at the two lovers, who were looking unutterable things at her, and still more unutterable things at this independent young doctor who had them at such a disadvantage. But Dr. Randolph had his way, and he staid a long hour to make sure of keeping it; and by that time Rosamond, thanks to her contumacy, could speak only in a whisper, and was growing more and more languid, and he gave her some drops, worse than any thing she had taken yet, before he went away.

We had to send for Dr. Randolph again at night-fall, and he had hard work that evening to keep the breath in her; but we pulled through. The next morning she was safe, but weak, and he gave her her drops, and sat talking about the new things in the origin of diseases, and impersonating the little imps that caused them, so that she had no idea how time was passing till he handed her the drops again. "Now," said he, rising, "you are to go on taking the drops every hour till I come again. Your imprudence has nearly cost you your life. Are you not ashamed, by your willfulness, to have kept me all this time from poor Mrs. Prout, who needs me?"

"You needn't talk to me so," whispered Rosamond, inextinguishably. "I've no doubt she's better off without you, frightening her to death. Yes, you are frightening me to death!" she cried, hoarsely, at his exclamation of regret. "And it's just as well to die by the sword as the famine. And I believe you doctors carry round diphtherias and things in your pockets; and, oh, do you know, I think my throat is burning up!" And then the doctor had to get out his vial-case again, and stay another hour. But the ruling spirit was strong in Rosamond still. "The Chinese way is a great deal better than ours," she croaked, as he bent over her to hear, while I rinsed a medicine cup at the sink; "when you're sick there they stop the doctor's pay."

"Perhaps," said he, in a low tone, with a flush mounting to his forehead, "I shall ask for a different sort of pay!"

When Dr. Randolph came in again he was quite cool and quick and professional, and was off to see Mrs. Prout very soon. On his way he met young Waterman and M'Creery, and he told them they had nearly been guilty of murder, and so scared them that they did not come near us for half a year.

It was some days before Rosamond had voice enough for more than a dozen words; and it was a sad cross, for without her sauciness she was without her best friend, and all her shrugs and pouts and smiles and dimples would not answer half her requirements. But as soon as her voice returned, and she began to feel a little more life, she was restive with the up-stairs captivity. It was rather lonesome, for Emma was so afraid of the diphtheria she kept out of the way, and after Rosamond had quite recovered, and tried, out of pure mischief, to kiss her, she screamed and ran from the room. "It's abominable in Dr. Randolph to shut me up so," Rosamond said. "Cousin Jane," said the surprising little creature, "he's just doing it to keep me out of the way of other people. For, do you know, I believe the man's in love with me!"

"Rosamond, I am ashamed of you!" I said.

"No, you're not," said she. "You'd have cried your eyes out—you know you would—if I had died, and you wouldn't have been at all ashamed of me; and I haven't changed since then, except to get better. So you see, logically, you can't be ashamed of me: you ought to study logic, Cousin Jane!" But, after all, the pretty minx had only meant to find out what I thought about it—an attempt in which she was unsuccessful.

But at last the doctor took Rosamond in his arms one day himself, and carried her down to the great chair by the parlor fire, I following behind with shawls and pillows. I caught my dress, however, in a rod of the stair-carpet, and was delayed a moment, and before I reached the door I could see him leaning over the back of the great chair, as he pulled her shawl about her, trembling and flushed. "Well," I thought, "who could carry Rosamond down stairs and not be trembling and flushed?" when I was stopped by what followed.

"I suppose you are thinking," Rosamond said, looking up at him over the back of the chair, "that you have saved my life!"

"I wish," he said, so low that I guessed rather than heard it—"I wish I might think, then, that it belonged to me." And almost before he finished, as if he could no more help it than help breathing, he had bent and kissed that white upturned forehead. And Rosamond's face was crimson then, and she was murmuring, "How can you take so unfair an advantage!" And just as I was on the point of dropping every thing, and running away to let them settle it by themselves, the bell rang, and Dr. Randolph stood on the other side of the fire-place, leaning one arm on the shelf, when Mr. Irving came in.

Rosamond was too weak for many of her old airs and graces; but she had recovered herself instantly, and was looking up at Dr. Randolph, where he stood glowering down at her, and was laughing in her bewitching and irresistible way; and she turned graciously and greeted Mr. Irving, and inquired for his horses and his dogs, and became so delightfully interested in his racy account of what his Bellerophon could do, that there was nothing for Dr. Randolph but to make a stiff bow and come away—only to be called back to Rosamond, as, holding out an imploring little hand, she said,

"But you will come to see me again?"

"I hardly think you need me," he said.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she said, and her lip was trembling. And he did not reply; but when he dropped her hand, he had pressed it so close that it was white.

So Dr. Randolph came again; and Emma just then had a sprained ankle, so that his visits had an excuse for being. But I hardly think he vexed Rosamond with another word or sign she could repulse—whether he felt he had been wrong in agitating a patient, and was waiting for complete recovery, or whether he was one of those who can take No for an answer.

"I see how it's all going to end," said Emma to me. "Rosamond is going to be Mrs. Dr. Philip Randolph, and I'm only going to be Miss Smith! It's horrid to be Miss Smith—Miss Emma Smith! It's so dignified to be a Mrs. Anything! You're of so much more importance; somebody's chosen you out of all the world. Oh, I wish I was engaged, and with something romantic in it—to the real affinity! What do you think, Cousin Jane?"

"Emma," said I, "I think you are a fool."

Meanwhile Rosamond evidently did not know what to make of Dr. Randolph's behavior; and whether it was the effect of diphtheria or of love, she was losing all her gay spirits, and becoming a moody little wretch.

One evening after Emma's recovery the doctor entered without knocking, and not observing me on the sofa, he sat down by the fire, when Rosamond opened the door, not knowing he was there, and came in. "Oh," said she, looking through the twilight, "I suppose you don't want to see me," still coming in, though.

"I came to inquire for your sister," said he.

"It seems to me," said she, standing before the fire, "that you never ask about my health now."

He looked up at her, standing with her clasped hands dropped before her, and her head a little downcast in a dejected way, but he did not speak at once. "And I don't believe you care any thing about me," she cried, passionately; and then he saw the tears spring, and just as she was flinging herself away he caught her, and drew her down to him, and hid her face on his breast and under his kisses—and the life he had saved belonged to him.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" said Emma, afterward. "But it makes you feel so solitary! Cousin Jane, I've half the mind to tell you something. I—I don't know but what I shall be engaged myself. I rather think I have found my affinity. I know he is fond of me; he picked me up when I fell that day and sprained my ankle, and he left that bay-water at the door for me. And I've met him so often since. I'll show him to you some day."

But if Emma thought it was beautiful, that was apparently more than Dr. Randolph did, when, after his first beatitude and a month's engagement to Rosamond, he had not been able to see her twice alone; for, secure in her possession, Miss Rosamond was playing with it, according to her wont, and he never came in but he found her old lovers hanging about her in a lover-like way that was terribly exasperating. He thought he would put an end to it all by an immediate marriage; but Rosamond had no idea of being caged so early. He remarked on her conduct, and she laughed at him; he remonstrated, and she shrugged her shoulders at him; he was angry, and she told him plainly it was too soon to play the Grand Bashaw. And poor Randolph, loving her fervently, and totally unable to master her, instead of being rapturous, grew daily more unhappy.

But the attendant of them all to whom Dr. Randolph most objected was Mr. Irving.

"Isn't it enough for you," said he, when Rosamond pressed him for his reasons, "that I don't like him? I consider him a companion unfit for a young lady. And I think, Rosamond, that I really have the right to forbid your associating with him."

That very afternoon a couple of riders dashed by his steady-going gig, and one of them was Mr. Irving, and one was Rosamond upon Bellerophon.

Dr. Randolph turned about and came to our house, and waited there till Mr. Irving left Rosamond at the door, and then he met her, and demanded to know the meaning of it.

"Really, Sir," said Rosamond, "this is a surveillance I can not submit to!" and she drew the gold ring from her finger, and dropped it in his hand, and went on up stairs.

It was a fortnight after that that Maurice met Dr. Randolph in Boston.

"I came up to see about my change," he said, in answer to my husband. "I can't stay where I was. I must change the whole scene." And then, as they stood talking a moment, there came the fire-alarm and a rushing crowd, and they followed it, and were separated of course. And the next thing Maurice saw of Dr. Randolph, an hour afterward, he was dashing with the firemen, in that useless chivalry of his, into that building, out of whose windows the sheets of flame were pouring, to save an old woman shrieking there for help, her gray hair streaming against the fire. And at that very moment the walls fell in with a sound of heaven and earth coming together, and that was all we knew.

And, as I told you, Rosamond was down in hysterics, and a dreadful day and night it was. I thought every moment that Rosamond would put an end to herself in her frantic condition; and as for my own part, I could not keep my mind out of that tremendous heap of burning ruins where our dear Dr. Randolph was buried, could not get free of the thought of his agony if he were alive, and hardly dared pray that he should be alive, and was growing momentarily more indignant with Rosamond, and more miserable about her, when the last telegram came, saying Randolph was found, partially shielded by the stones and beams fallen across the fire-proof vault, badly injured, but alive, and there was hope.

And with that Rosamond went to sleep, and when she woke up, tottering and white, she dressed herself, and took the next train for town, and came home at night with my husband and with hers.

It was in the happy convalescing months that followed that Emma, sitting at the window one day, cried, "Quick, Cousin Jane! oh, there he is!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know?—the one I told you of. Why, the—the affinity!"

"Oh, Emma!" I said, as I looked. "I thought you had a soul above it! It is Buttons!"

"I don't care," answered Emma, stoutly, after a moment. "Dr. Randolph will tell you how excellent he is. He compounds all his prescriptions."

And I believe in my heart that Emma will some day cease to be Miss Smith and become Mrs. Buttons.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, much to the surprise of many old political associates, has accepted the temporary presidency of Chicago University. A gentleman who was his schoolfellow at Middlebury Academy (Wyoming County, New York) fifty years ago tells us that he was then the best scholar in the academy. In due time he entered Hobart College, Geneva, where he was distinguished for assiduity and scholarship, and took the highest honors on graduating. Senator Doolittle has always been a very religious man. While at the bar he occupied a high position. On the bench of Wisconsin he enjoyed universal respect. It has been only in politics that he has occupied a position somewhat dubious and unsatisfactory. That sort of thing does happen.

—James Anthony Froude, the historian, has been quite saddened by domestic bereavements. His wife, who has just died, was a Miss Grenfell, one of a trio of sisters. One of these married Charles Kingsley, the other an eminent English journalist.

—The late Rev. John Todd, D.D., of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, so widely and favorably known as the author of the *Student's Manual* and other popular works, was the sixth in descent from Christopher Todd, who came from England to this country with Eaton and Davenport in the year 1637, and was one of the original settlers of New Haven, Connecticut. The family is still represented in New Haven by the Rev. John E. Todd, a son of the late divine. Christopher Todd was accompanied by three brothers, one of whom, John, settled in Rowley, Massachusetts, of which place he was representative to the General Council in 1664 and 1686. One of the great-grandsons of the latter fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, and another was a general in the Revolutionary war. Mr. William C. Todd, of Newburyport, Mr. Robert F.

Todd, of Albany, and the Rev. R. K. Todd, of Illinois, belong to this branch of the family. Another of the four brothers settled in Virginia. From there Thomas Todd, afterward Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, emigrated to Kentucky as early as 1786. He married the widow of Major George Washington (a nephew of General Washington), and sister of Mrs. President Madison. Mr. James Madison Todd, of Frankfort, Kentucky, is a son of Judge Todd, as was also Colonel C. S. Todd, *aide* of General Harrison, and the first minister of our government to the United States of Colombia. Mr. Shelby Todd, of Louisville, and Dr. C. H. Todd, of Owensboro', are sons of the latter.

—The genial and discriminating critic of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, in noticing Miss Braddon's new novel, *Publicans and Sinners*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, pays the following just tribute to her genius as a novelist: "Miss Braddon has always been justly praised for the originality and the dramatic intensity of her plots, and she has nowhere shown more subtle skill in their invention than she has in this instance. The characters are remarkably well drawn, the descriptive portions are vigorous and picturesque, and in one or two instances her personages are elaborated with rare power and vividness. It has been too much the custom to rank Miss Braddon among the merely 'sensational' writers of the day, and to condescendingly pat her on the back as though she were a genius in the rough, as a writer who had some claim to admiration, but none to esteem; and yet her style is brilliant and spirited. Her books show a close observation of human nature, and a happy faculty in describing its deeper phases, and her invention leads her far from the track of conventionality. Her books are held in high esteem on the Continent, and have been translated into almost every civilized tongue, while her talents have not been thought unworthy of analysis by some of the best French and German critics. In view of these facts, it is somewhat strange that she should be treated with such sneering indifference here and in England by the critical fraternity. She has written no book in which there are not evidences of unusual intellectual power."

—By a typographical error in our account of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle last week the name of the architect was given as Mr. John Wild. It should have been Mr. John Welch, who is well known as an architect of great ability and taste.

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., who was one of the Commissioners of Massachusetts to the Vienna Exhibition, comes out in one of those characteristic Adams-y letters, in which he tells, in a very blunt way, the why and wherefore of the failure of that eminent show. The necessary preparations were made to outdo every thing which had gone before, and the consequent financial experience was very suggestive. The appropriation originally made by the government on account of the Exposition was $3,000,000, which it was further provided was in no case to be exceeded. The expenses will probably be found to amount to over $12,000,000, as the receipts from visitors were scarcely sufficient to meet the current expenses, leaving a deficit of some $9,000,000 to be met by the Austrian government.

—Mr. Waldo Hutchings, a prominent lawyer of this city, has consented to give the Greek prizes at Amherst College, formerly offered by Alexander Strong, of Boston, who has presented $1000 to the art gallery of the same institution.

—Judge Hager, the successor of Mr. Casserly in the United States Senate, has been three times a State Senator and once a District Judge. Like his colleague elect, Governor Booth, he is a gentleman of fine classical attainments and high personal character. It is rare that any State, especially a new one, sends to the Senate two members noted for culture and ability.

—Special Agent Jayne has resigned his position in the Treasury Department. Since he entered the service, four or five years ago, he has had the good fortune to make a fortune by his astute and rapid way of doing things. His motto was, "*Aut Seizure, aut nullus.*" The *Tribune* thinks that "very probably he will be remembered in history as the last of the seizers."

—The opulent citizens of Philadelphia come up nobly to the relief of the poor. Among the most bounteous givers are Drexel & Co., bankers, $30,000, and George W. Childs, $10,000. These gentlemen are, moreover, frequent and large contributors to various charitable and benevolent institutions.

—The Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives is one Mr. Shadd, a colored man, thirty-seven years old, born in Delaware, a printer by trade, and formerly editor of a Canadian newspaper. One of his sisters is principal of a high school in Washington, another principal of a high school in Louisiana, and a brother is a lawyer in Arkansas.

—An editorial friend in Pennsylvania, and lately a member of Congress, sends us the following:

> "'Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, is the only Senator who has throughout his career been nothing but a politician.'—*Harper's Weekly* for February 21.
>
> "Bless you, no, Sir! Alexander Ramsey started abroad on the high-road of life nearly forty years ago in the honorable (if not honored) character of schoolmaster, and one of the first places at which he 'unshouldered' his pack was the ancient borough of Kutztown, in the heart of the 'Dutch' district of Berks County, Pennsylvania. He taught the young ideas of that burgh how to shoot—in English—for a year or two, and then tramped back to his native Dauphin-y. Nothing gives Aleck Ramsey, as we then called him, greater pleasure to this day than to meet a wanderer from that old 'Nachbarschaft,' and relate the reminiscences of his pedagogic days, and in the dialect, too, for he speaks the 'Pennsylvania Dutch' like a native. Should you happen to be curious in genealogies, he can give you the whole history of the Kutz family, which at that day composed three-fourths of the population of the settlement that perpetuates their name, and the descendants of which are still a power, numerically, politically, and agriculturally, in that locality."

—Ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, recently addressed a temperance meeting at Portland, and stated that his faith in the Prohibitory Law was greatly shaken, for in his experience of half a century in various places he had never seen so many young men intoxicated and staggering through the streets as he had seen in Portland during the last six months.

—General James B. Steedman, who has succeeded Chief Justice Waite as a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, is one of the marked men of that State. He commenced life as a canal contractor, in which business his natural qualities for controlling men came into full play; next he was a member of the Board of Public Works; afterward he was Congressional printer at a time when the position was one of great profit. At the opening of the war he took command of the Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, and was promoted to be major-general, and distinguished himself at Chickamauga. After the war he was Collector of New Orleans under A. Johnson.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

As the panic of 1857 was followed by a general religious awakening, so, though in a less degree, has been that of 1873. During the winter the churches have been unusually active, and the accessions to the ranks of their members very numerous. Special services have been held in this city, and have been attended by large congregations. The Protestant Episcopalians have entered upon the observance of Lent with great devoutness; the zealous Methodists are reporting extensive revivals. In Ohio and Indiana religious feeling has associated itself with the temperance crusade. It seems probable that 1874 will be a marked year in the history of the Protestant churches of the United States.

Not only the Protestants in our country, but the Roman Catholics as well, are displaying unusual religious zeal. Among the latter it is taking the form of a pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose of testifying the devotion of the pilgrims and their coreligionists to the chair of St. Peter. The Catholic Union is completing arrangements for the organization of a company, which will start in May next. The trip will occupy about fifty days, and will cost $350 in gold. If one hundred and fifty persons unite for this purpose, an entire ship will be appropriated to their use. The Archbishop of New York has given his sanction to the undertaking.

In nothing have the churches of the United States so much improved of late years as in the careful compilation of their statistics. The *Universalist Register* for 1874 is the most complete yet issued. From it we learn that the Convention, which is the court of last appeal, controls a fund of $120,000, the proceeds of which are devoted to the diffusion of Christian knowledge. In connection with the Convention is the "Universalist Historical Society." The total organized strength of the body is, State Conventions, 21; associations, 74; parishes, 954; families, 40,032; churches, 638; members, 27,709; Sunday-school members, 54,532; ministers, 651; meeting-houses, 657, valued at $7,845,447. There are under Universalist patronage fourteen colleges and theological schools, with an aggregate of ninety-eight teachers and professors, and $2,595,000 of property. Thirty-five theological students were aided by the funds of the General Convention in 1873, at a cost of $6000.

The Atlantic cable announces the death of Tarquini, the Jesuit cardinal recently appointed by the Pope; but then the cable is a very tricky messenger. In this instance it is probable that its report is true.

To California the representatives of all beliefs, as of all nationalities, flow. A writer in the *Examiner and Chronicle* avers that the creeds represented there "are more numerous than the plagues of Egypt." In the entire State there are 650 organized churches, and 600 church buildings erected, with 225,000 sittings for worshipers. The church property is valued at $7,500,000. In the number of churches the Methodists lead, having 190; the Baptists have 90, Presbyterians 80, Episcopalians 50, Congregationalists 45, Disciples 30; the number of Roman Catholic churches is not stated. The Unitarians have one church in San Francisco, once under the pastoral care of the lamented Starr King, and now of the Rev. H. G. Stebbins. The Jews have 19 synagogues, and are a wealthy body. There are also societies of Universalists, Swedenborgians, and Adventists, how many of each does not appear.

Every one knows that the population of large cities is recruited from the country; but to find out, in a single instance, exactly how much, a writer in the *Watchman and Reflector* has examined the sources from which the Baptist churches of the city of Providence have derived their members. He finds that seventy-three per cent. of the ministers were reared in small country towns, and that sixty-one per cent. of the most active laymen of the Providence churches (Baptist) spent their early youth in the country. Less than one-fifth of the members are natives of Providence. The writer draws this general conclusion: "It is not far from the truth to say that one-third of the members of city churches are natives of some city, one-third come from the country by letter, and one-third are converted after leaving the country for the city."

Three questions have been decided by the Quarterly Meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada almost unanimously—(1) the union with the Wesleyan Methodists of Eastern British America, by 358 yeas to 2 nays; (2) the union with the New Connection Methodists, by 348 yeas to 12 nays; (3) lay representation in the General Conference, by 331 yeas to 29 nays. Each vote in the list represents a Quarterly Meeting.

The Rev. Emile F. Cook, President of the French Methodist Conference, and one of the survivors of the wreck of the *Ville du Havre*, has died from the effects of his exposure and suffering. When the other passengers were removed to the ship *Trimountain* Mr. Cook decided to remain on the *Loch Earn*, in order to take care of his friend, Pastor Weiss, who had been seriously hurt. Here his courage and hopefulness endeared him to the whole ship's company. Upon reaching home, symptoms of consumption appeared, and though sent immediately to the south of France, he lived but a few weeks. Measures have been taken in this city to raise funds for the relief of his family.

The "largest church in the world" is the claim made for the Colored Baptist Church of Richmond. It enrolls five thousand members—one thousand more than belong to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle—and has for years been one of the features of the capital of Virginia. The pastor, the Rev. J. Holmes, was a slave, and paid $1500 for his freedom. In the "old times" as many as six hundred of its congregation have been sold in a single year. The singing of these colored Baptists is described as something extraordinary, both in melody and power.

The *Congregational Year-Book* of England for 1874 is not as complete as its American namesake. Though full in many particulars, it omits mention of the total number of church members. It reports 2432 pastors, and, including the colonies, 3238 churches. The Congregational colleges and institutes for ministerial training are fifteen, besides three in the colonies and ten mission institutions in foreign lands. The sum of £23,153 was disbursed in 1873 in home mission work, and the sum of £100,000 for foreign missions, chiefly through the London Missionary Society and the Evangelical Continental Society.

The *Baptist Hand-Book* for England reports a total of 2606 churches in the United Kingdom, 3172 places of worship, 244,416 members, and 337,327 Sunday-school scholars. Since 1867 there has been an increase of 195 churches, 530 places of worship, 22,892 members, and 44,993 scholars. In 1873 £109,150 were expended in church erections and repairs. The total number of Baptist and Congregational churches for the United Kingdom is 5147.

Sir Bartle Frere pays a very high tribute to the devoutness of the native Christians of Madagascar. Upon his return home to England he made the following statement to the officers of the London Missionary Society: When sailing along the northern coast of Madagascar on a Sunday morning, and as they were not far from shore, he saw a native town. Desiring to see what a native Malagasy town was like, he went ashore in a boat. They found all the streets deserted. He inquired of his interpreter the reason for this, and was told, "The people are praying, Sir." He was then conducted to a large shed, where some two thousand people were devoutly attending the worship of God. He listened attentively, and never saw nor heard a service conducted with more devoutness and propriety. At the close of the service some went away, the others remaining. Through the interpreter he was told that the people were next about to hold a communion service. Sir Bartle Frere sat down with them at the table of our Lord. A beautiful silver communion service, all wrought by native silversmiths, was produced. "Never in all Christendom," added Sir Bartle Frere, "had I seen a communion service conducted with such propriety." This station was fully three hundred miles away from the nearest European missionary station. When it was asked how the people there came to the possession of the truth, he was told that it had been conveyed thither, in 1846, by two native slaves, who were sold at the capital, and who had previously been under missionary influence.

While this city is being enriched with the treasures of art gathered by Di Cesnola at Cyprus, and may hope to secure some of the fruits of Schlieman's lucky discoveries at Troy, it is receiving from Rome highly authenticated relics through Gartner. A writer in *Church and State* furnishes a list of the articles, among which we note a piece of the girdle of the Virgin Mary, a broken thorn from Christ's crown of thorns, a piece of the post on which Christ was flagellated, a piece of the real cross of Christ, a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, and an old nail of the holy cross. The relics are vouched for by Patrizi, the Pope's Vicar-General. We believe it was Washington Irving who said that there had been enough wood of the true cross exhibited to build a ship: but still there is nothing like faith in the word of the one only true Church.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Commissioners of the Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, are making great efforts in the way of bringing together, in the form of a zoological garden, a complete collection of animals of North America, with a view of their exhibition at the approaching Centennial. They have secured the aid of General James S. Brisbin, of the United States army, now stationed at Omaha, who, through his own efforts and those of his friends, has been able to forward a large number of species. Among those already transmitted are the Rocky Mountain sheep, several species of foxes, wolves, beavers, badgers, black-tailed deer, etc.

The Commissioners are also expecting considerable consignments from other parts of the world, as South Africa, South America, etc., and the whole enterprise bids fair to assume a very great magnitude. The authorities of our Central Park must look well to their laurels if they do not wish to be outdone by this new enterprise of a sister city; and we trust that the necessary arrangements will be made to complete the plan already proposed, with a view of eliciting similar consignments. No difficulty need be anticipated in obtaining any of the North American animals, as they are continually being captured and held at military posts or mountain settlements, whence they can be forwarded at a trifling expense.

Captain H. Toynbee presented to the Meteorological Society of London, at its last meeting, a short account of various data which have come into the meteorological office of the Royal Society respecting the storm of August last which was so disastrous in its effects on the coast of Nova Scotia, and, indeed, along its entire path over the Atlantic Ocean. The most interesting portion of Captain Toynbee's remarks was based upon the report of Lieutenant M'Farlane, of her Majesty's steamer *Plover*. This gentleman states that if the circular theory were correct, there was nothing left to investigate in reference to this hurricane, excepting to trace its progress from the formation to its breaking up; but if the ideas promulgated in Mr. Meldrum's note on the form of cyclones in the Southern Indian Ocean were correct, then it was incumbent on the meteorologists of the northern hemisphere to institute a similar inquiry, since there would then necessarily result a modification of the rules in use among seamen for avoiding the severest portion of the cyclonic storms. The author expressed the hope that all data possible in reference to the Nova Scotia storm may be collected, either by American or English meteorologists. This suggestion, it may be remarked, has already been anticipated by the action of the Army Signal-office, as will be seen from the extended report on this storm drawn up by Mr. Abbe, and printed in the annual report of the Chief Signal Officer.

An article in one of the circulars of the German Fishery Association in reference to the transportation of living trout recommends that before the transfer is attempted the fish be kept for eight or ten days where they can not have access to any food. The author remarks that when trout have been recently captured the water in which they are placed very soon becomes turbid, and unfit for their preservation, but that after a few days this tendency disappears. It is also considered objectionable to transport male with female fishes near the spawning season, as the former are apt to discharge their milt, and thus affect the water.

Two of the merchants of Hamburg, the brothers Godeffroy, have for some years been connecting explorations in natural history with their mercantile ventures to the islands of the South Sea, and have established a museum in Hamburg, bearing the name of the "Museum Godeffroy," now under the care of Dr. Schultz, which, although confined strictly to Australasian and Polynesian material, already occupies a very prominent rank. Combined with the exhibition of the collections and the sale of the duplicates is a series of publications based upon the material of the museum, among which one of great importance has just appeared in the form of the results of an investigation of the fishes by Mr. Andrew Garrett. Mr. Garrett is an American by birth, having been employed in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, after which he was engaged by the Messrs. Godeffroy in their own behalf.

According to the observations of Mr. Henry Lee upon whiting-pout (*Gadus luscus*), a small species of gadus kept in the Brighton aquarium, the spawning season of these fish is about the middle of November, the eggs being so numerous as to actually cloud the water of the tank in which they are contained, each globule being a little smaller than a granule of boiled sago. Their specific gravity is nearly that of sea-water, and when placed in perfectly still water, when the embryo is developed, they exhibit a tendency to sink to the bottom; but if the water is agitated they rise, and some time elapses before they again settle.

The development appears to be exceedingly rapid. In two days after the ova were first seen in the tank, not only was the form of the fish discernible in many of them, but the young fry, just hatched, were detected in the water enjoying independent life. They were about three-sixteenths of an inch in length when first hatched out.

An important communication by the Astronomer Royal of England to the Royal Astronomical Society explains the existence of a serious defect in the present condition of the lunar theory. In 1827 Sir George B. Airy announced the discovery of a term depending on the relative motion of the earth and Venus, whose period was 239 years. The introduction of this term into the lunar tables of Professor Hansen was shown by Delaunay in 1863 to be unjustifiable, and Delaunay's results having been confirmed by recent investigations of Professor Newcomb, Professor Airy, now admitting the possibility of an error in his earlier investigation, and the correctness of the results of Delaunay and Newcomb, has sought to ascertain what will be the effect of withdrawing from Hansen's tables of the moon the term in question. He finds that, after applying the best known value of the mean longitude and mean motion of the moon that can be obtained, there remains a series of large and systematic discordances quite beyond the limit of accidental errors. Furthermore, he has examined into the effect of assuming that these systematic discordances arise from an error in the secular mean motion of the moon. If we diminish the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion so as to represent modern observations with sufficient accuracy, we diminish the tabular longitude of the moon by 160 seconds of arc in every thousand years, and the result of this would be to completely disarrange the calculation of the exact dates of certain ancient solar eclipses, which have been much relied upon in chronological investigations.

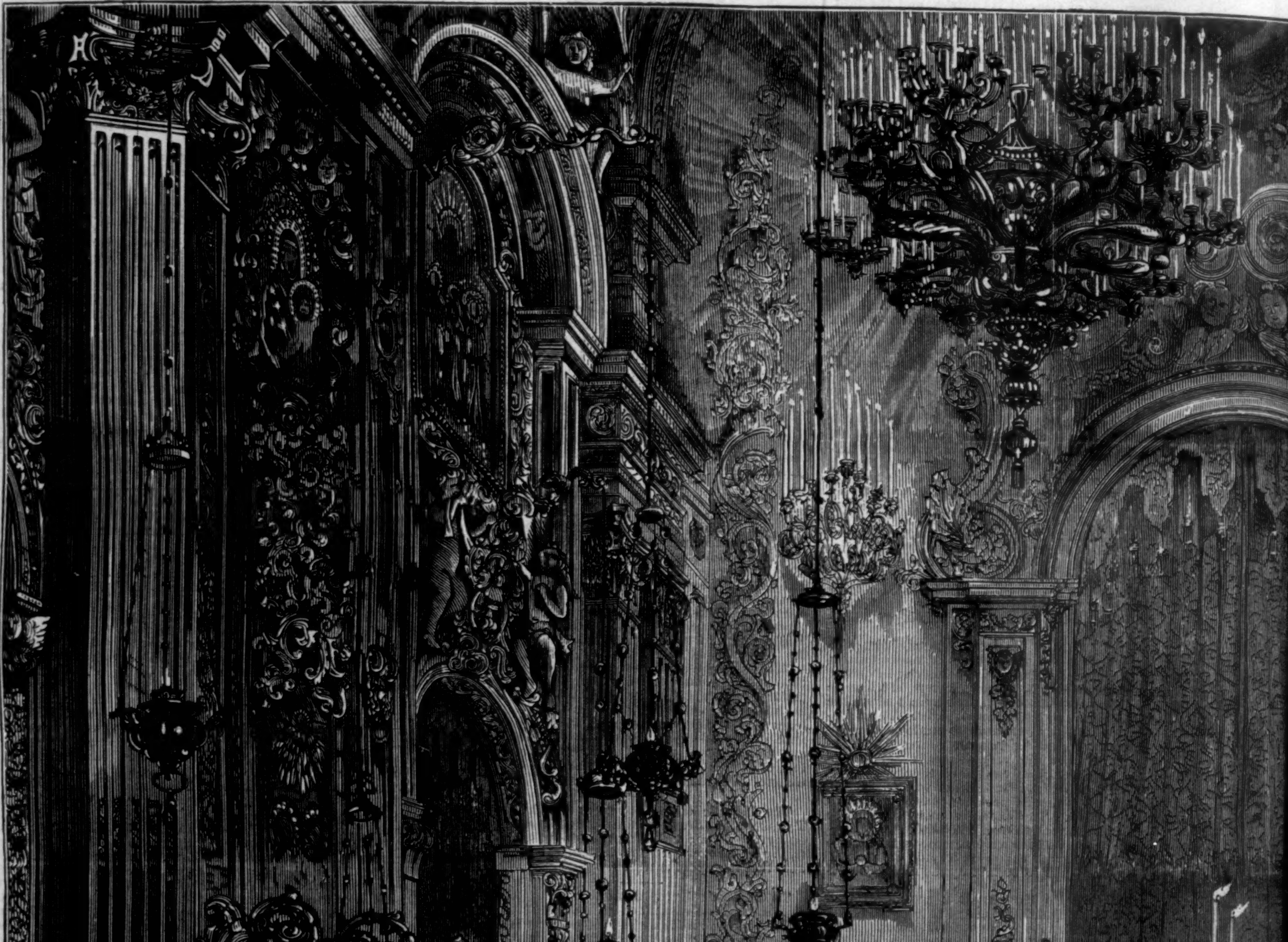
The publication just made of the annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge, for 1872, has a mournful interest in view of the recent decease of its founder and director, and of the anticipations expressed of more fully realizing the idea of having at Cambridge the finest institution of the kind in the world.

During a great part of the year Professor Agassiz was absent from the museum, but was able to inform the trustees that this did not interfere with its progress or efficiency, its affairs having been managed by the superintendent, Mr. Thomas G. Cary, with entire satisfaction.

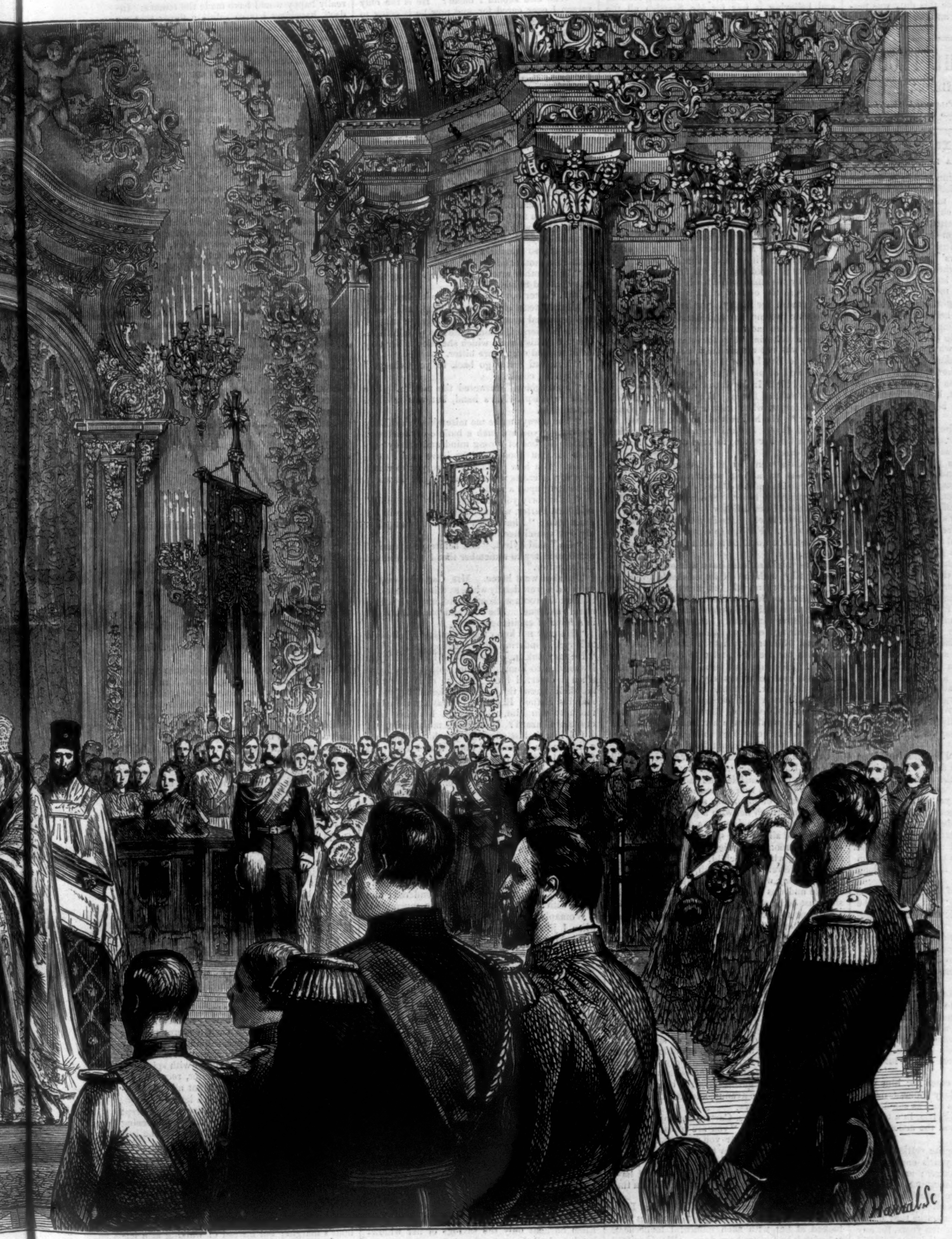
In reference to the collections made during the *Hassler* expedition, which was completed in 1872, Professor Agassiz remarks that some idea of the magnitude of this may be learned from the fact that more than 5000 gallons of alcohol were consumed in their preservation.

The *Hassler* expedition, it will be remembered, was prosecuted on board the United States Coast Survey steamer *Hassler*, which Professor Peirce had occasion to send round from Boston to San Francisco, and the opportunities it afforded for scientific research were utilized by Professor Agassiz and a corps of assistants. A subscription to the amount of $17,500 was made by a number of persons to meet the expenses of material, apparatus, etc.

With the exception of the vast amount of material collected by the *Hassler* expedition, the list of additions to the different branches of the museum throughout the year is not very extensive, the most important being an exchange of 1550 bird skins with Brown University, a collection of fishes from the Mauritius sent by Mr. Pike, a series of East Indian fishes from Dr. Francis Day, European collections from Dr. Steindachner, fish skeletons from the Vienna Museum, collections of shells from California and the Mauritius, a collection of 10,000 butterflies from the Himalaya Mountains, etc.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE ALFRED AND THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE—THE GRECO-RUSSIAN WED NG C



WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.—[See Page 218.]

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

OUR double-page illustration this week will give our readers a clear idea of the Russian part of the ceremonies attending the marriage of Prince ALFRED and the Grand Duchess MARIE, described in the *Weekly* for February 14. The moment chosen by the artist is when the golden crowns used in the marriage ceremony in Russia are held above the heads of the bridegroom and bride. In this instance this duty was performed by Prince ARTHUR and the Grand Duke VLADIMIR.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SYLVIA WRITES A LETTER.

VERY sweet was that summer-tide to Esther Rochdale. The old commonplace life went on at Dean House. Esther's mornings were still devoted to Ellen Sargent's children; she taught them, played with them, petted them—was, in fact, a second mother to them—while the languid widow, spoiled by the tropical luxuries and indolences of her three years' life in Demerara, lolled upon sofas, dawdled through the last new work from the library, and lamented her "dear George." Esther had her meed of praise and gratitude from mother and grandmother, but the duty itself was pleasant to her, and the love of those impulsive little ones ample recompense for all her trouble. Esther's life was full of occupation. She had her music, which she cultivated assiduously for Edmund's sake; she had to read the books he recommended her, sometimes books which required all a feminine intellect to understand. She had her district, her sick and poor, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and whom she never neglected.

But with evening, and Edmund's return from the bank, came Esther's holiday. Mrs. Sargent, after resting all day, was equal to the fatigue of sitting in the nursery while the children were being got ready for bed, and of even hearing them say their prayers, though this, she complained sometimes, made her head ache. Esther had Edmund all to herself of an evening, for Mrs. Standen, with a mother's unselfishness, was never happier than when these two were absorbed in each other, and forgetful of her. The dearest wish of her life had been gratified when she saw them united, for now, she told herself, Edmund must have forgotten that wicked Sylvia Carew. Nothing less than her son's engagement to Esther would have convinced Mrs. Standen upon this point, but, apart from this, she had years ago planned such a union. It had been in her scheme of the future when Esther still wore diaper pinafores, with lace frills round the neck and arms, and broad scarlet sashes and shoulder-knots. She was a pretty child, and would grow up a pretty girl, and Edmund must inevitably fall in love with and want to marry her, thought the mother, forgetting that young men rarely wish to marry young ladies whom they see every day of their lives, or at least not until they have been led astray once or twice by less familiar charmers.

But now all was well. Edmund had been foolish, and was cured of his folly. There is no better wisdom than that of the man who knows he has been fooled.

There had been no talk yet awhile of wedding-day, or even of the trousseau. The lovers were happy, and in no haste to change these light bonds for the heavier fetters of matrimony. Whenever Edmund touched upon the question of when the marriage was to be, Esther put him off lightly, and could not be induced to prolong the discussion.

"I want to be very sure of you before we are married, Edmund," she said, "and for you to be very sure of yourself. I believe in long engagements."

They had many a walk and ride together in the summer evenings, and the newsmongers of Hedingham were not slow to find out that this time it really was an engagement between Mr. Standen and Miss Rochdale.

"I had it from Mrs. Standen herself, my lady," said Mary Peter, when she told Lady Perriam the news on a sultry morning late in August. It might be the heat which made Sylvia so deadly pale just at that moment, Miss Peter thought, or it was just possible that she did not quite like to hear of her first lover's intended marriage.

"But she couldn't have cared for him very much, anyhow," reflected Mary Peter, "or she wouldn't have cast him off as cool as she did."

"When is it to be?" asked Sylvia, in a tone of indifference that imposed upon the artless mantua-maker.

"Not just yet; but it's quite settled. Miss Rochdale wants it to be a year's engagement, Mrs. Standen says, if not longer; and I don't wonder at that. There's something so nice in courting, and when people are once married they so soon settle down, and it's all over and done with; and after the first six months they might just as well have been married ten years, for any difference one can see in them. I know I should like a long engagement if I was keeping company with any one. I'm to have some of the dresses to make, Mrs. Standen says, so I shall know a good bit before the wedding, and I can let you know all about it."

"Let me know!" cried Lady Perriam. "Do you suppose I care whom Mr. Standen marries, or when he marries?"

"No, of course not, my lady," said Mary Peter, afraid she had offended. "I hope you don't think I've taken a liberty in mentioning such a thing; but I thought you might feel just a little interested in Mr. Standen, after having been engaged to him yourself. I remember what pleasant walks we used to have of an evening—you and me and Alice Cook, and how we used to meet Mr. Standen promiscuous, and how he always seemed to wish Alice and me away. To think of my making your wedding-clothes, and believing it was for Mr. Standen all the time, when you was going to marry Sir Aubrey, and be made a lady of title! What a wonderful life yours has been, Sylvia—I beg pardon—my lady."

"A wonderful life," repeated Sylvia, with a sigh; "yes, it is a wonderful life. I wonder what will be the end of it."

"And a happy life, too, I should think," said Mary: "in this beautiful house, and with these lovely rooms furnished according to your own fancy!" Mary cast an admiring glance round the bright-looking boudoir which Lady Perriam had embellished.

"And that dear boy, in that lovely bassinet, with white lace curtings over pink silk. Mrs. Tringfold was kind enough to let me have a peep at the pretty dear as I came past the nursery door. And quite your own mistress too."

"Quite my own mistress," echoed Sylvia. "Yes, there was never any one more free than I."

She dismissed Mary Peter, and then began to pace the room with quick, impatient steps. The dark eyes glittered angrily, the full under lip was held in by the small white teeth.

This was the end of it all, then! This was what came of her liberty. She had been a widow more than five months, and in all that time Edmund Standen had made no sign. She had waited with a sickening heart for some token that the old love was not utterly dead, that to know her free was to love her once again. He had loved her so well of old. Was it possible that such love could die? In her breast it lived and burned still, a deathless flame. Why should he find it easy to forget, when memory had such power over her? He had seemed to love the best in those old days. He had been ready to sacrifice so much for her sake, to lead a life of poverty and toil even.

The days went by, the dreary days, whose length was an almost intolerable burden, and brought no indication of surviving regard in Edmund Standen's heart. She tried to think that he kept aloof from delicacy. Her widowhood as yet had been brief. Her former lover dared not approach her. For him to cross the threshold of Perriam Place would be to set a hundred tongues wagging.

But he might at least have written a few lines of sympathy, with the old imperishable love lurking between them, felt but unexpressed: how such a letter would have cheered Sylvia Perriam's solitude, breathed of hope and future happiness! No such letter came, and a desperate, half-angry, half-despairing feeling was kindled in that passionate heart. She tried to hate the man whose coldness thus tortured her, tried to forget him, but in vain. Her love had been fostered in loneliness; she had never honestly striven to thrust it out of her heart. At her best, when she was most dutiful as a wife, she had always cherished one dream, a dream of the day when Sir Aubrey's death would leave her free, and Edmund Standen would come back to her.

She was free, but Edmund did not return.

Until this news of Mary Peter's she had still hoped. Building much upon her knowledge of Edmund's high principles, she had comforted herself with the idea that he was only waiting till a decent period of mourning should be past, and he could approach her with a good grace. This announcement of to-day was a death-blow. All that day and all the next she spent in the solitude of her own rooms, shunning even the nursery and the garden, where her child, now a fine little fellow of a twelvemonth's growth, beguiled the long summer's day with his baby sports. She looked so pale and was so silent that her maid thought she must be ill, and said as much to Mrs. Carter, who went to Lady Perriam's room soon afterward, full of solicitude.

"I heard you were ill," she said, "and came to see if I could be of any use."

Sylvia was in no humor for sympathy, even from Mrs. Carter.

"You can be of no use," she answered. "If I wanted you I should send for you."

The nurse drew back with a pained look.

"It's hardly kind to speak to me like that," she said.

"I can not study my manner of speaking to you. You should not come to me unless you are sent for," returned Sylvia, impatiently. She was sitting in her easy-chair by the open window, in a listless attitude, gazing straight before her at the dark line of the avenue, and the distant hills beyond that boundary.

"Sylvia," said Mrs. Carter, bending over the weary-looking figure, "you are unhappy, and I have a right to be near you; not the right of motherhood alone—I may have forfeited that forever—but the right of having served you at the sacrifice of my own peace. God knows I have never known an hour's peace since I did you that fatal service."

"What am I the better for it?" cried Lady Perriam, turning fretfully from the eyes that looked at her with such mournful tenderness. "I wish it had never been done. Would to God it could be undone!"

"That can never be till some of us are dead," answered Mrs. Carter, in a tone of deepest despondency. "I told you at the time, Sylvia, when I tried to dissuade you on my knees, that it was an act which, once done, was done forever. Remorseful tears, agony of mind, can avail nothing now. The thing is done."

"Will your preaching mend matters, do you think?" cried Sylvia, angrily. "Why do you come here to torment me? I want comfort, not torture."

"If I only knew how to comfort you!" said the mother, regretfully.

"There is no such thing as comfort for a grief like mine. I have lost the only being I ever cared about. He is lost to me forever."

"You mean Mr. Standen?"

"Who else should I mean? He is the only person I ever cared for, and now he is going to marry Esther Rochdale."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure; it is a settled thing. His mother has persuaded him into the engagement, I dare say; but the fact remains, he is engaged. I thought that when he heard of Sir Aubrey's death, and knew that I was unfettered, his heart would turn toward me again. He can not have forgotten me. My love for him is the same today as it was two years ago."

"But you can hardly expect him to believe that, or to forgive you for having broken faith with him. Perhaps if he knew how you repented that falsehood, he would turn toward you again. But even if he did—"

"Well, what then?"

"You could hardly marry him," said Mrs. Carter, in an awe-struck whisper. She looked at her daughter with a curious expression—half horror, half pity—as if she wondered at having given birth to so relentless a being, yet clung to her with all a mother's love.

"What other motive had I for wishing to be free?" asked Sylvia.

Mrs. Carter covered her face with her hands to hide the tears she could not keep back—tears of shame and agony. She had felt the sting of shame for herself, drained the cup of self-abasement, but this shame which she felt for her only child seemed even more bitter.

"You had better go back to your charge," said Sylvia, coldly.

"I am going," answered the mother. She tried to clasp Sylvia's hand, but was repulsed impatiently.

"You always make me miserable," said Lady Perriam, "you are such a bundle of weakness. Had I any one of strong mind and steady purpose to lean upon, I might leave this hateful house. But how could I trust to you to watch over my interests while I was away? It would be leaning upon a reed."

"I am sorry you consider me so despicable," said Mrs. Carter, with a touch of bitterness in her quiet tone; "I have been faithful to you against my own conscience."

"Go," said Sylvia, "and before you prate of conscience, try to remember that I took you out of the gutter."

The shot went home. Mrs. Carter's face, always pale, grew deadly white at this savage taunt. She left the room without a word, and Sylvia Perriam was alone. She rose and paced the room in a fever of excitement.

"He may not know that I am sorry," she said to herself, pondering on her mother's suggestion. "He may not know that I loved him even when I was false to him, loved him with all my heart when I deserted him. But he shall know it! he shall know this wretched heart before he marries Esther Rochdale. Having risked so much to win him, why should I shrink from one more hazard? He despises me already. If I fail in this last effort, he can but despise me a little more. He shall know that I am at his feet, and then let him abandon me if he can."

She seated herself before the ash-wood writing-table, with its blue velvet cover and ormolu fittings, strangely different from the battered mahogany desk on which the school-master's daughter had been wont to write her letters. She wrote a few hurried lines with a hand that was somewhat tremulous, though the characters looked firm enough upon the paper—wrote to Edmund Standen for the first time since that fatal letter which was to dissolve their engagement.

"Will he think this step wanting in womanly feeling, or will he be glad?" she wondered; and then, with a little bitter laugh, she murmured, "Womanly feeling! I bade farewell to that when I jilted the man I fondly loved to marry Sir Aubrey Perriam."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"THE FAULTS OF LOVE BY LOVE ARE JUSTIFIED."

WAS Edmund Standen happy? He tried to believe that his lot was life's consummate felicity. He was prosperous, successful as a man of business, appreciated by directors and shareholders—the master-spirit of the Monkhampton branch of the Western Union Bank. His home was pleasant, his womankind worshiped him; he was betrothed to a woman he admired and respected, who loved him with devotion, and whose handsome income would do much to swell the sum of his own prosperity. He ought to have been happy. He had youth, health, independence; the knowledge that work need not for him be the monotonous toil of a lifetime, but only the congenial employment of his prime, to be given up at any hour should it prove wearisome to him. He knew that the bulk of his father's fortune was now securely his own, for his mother had shown him her last will, in which she left Ellen Sargent only the savings of her widowhood, and all the rest to her son.

"I am not likely ever to alter this will, Edmund, or to threaten you with loss of fortune," said Mrs. Standen, who was positively enraptured with the present condition of affairs. She would fain have hurried on the marriage, but she found Esther averse to haste, and Edmund somewhat indifferent.

"After all, mother," he said, "if Esther likes a long engagement, why should we worry her to give up her fancy? We are very happy as we are."

"If you are happy, Edmund, that is all I care for. And I am not afraid that Esther will change her mind."

Thus things went on with every appearance of general satisfaction.

"I ought to be completely happy," Edmund said to himself, more often than a man who was really happy would have made the remark. Indeed, happiness has so subtle a flavor that we rarely recognize the taste of that wine of life while yet it lingers on our lips. It is afterward that we look back and say we were happy. Few talk of happiness in the present tense.

Edmund found that his present content lacked the charm of that brief period of delight in which he had been Sylvia's lover. He tried to recall the old day-dream of a happy home, only changing the central figure—the same bright picture of the domestic hearth, but with a difference in the wife who sat beside it. Vain endeavor! He found that the picture would not compose as well as of old. It had even lost the old glow and color. He shut his eyes upon the outer world, and tried to lose himself in dreams of future happiness, but the dreams would not come. So Mr. Standen became more than ever devoted to business, worked longer hours at his desk, made himself hateful to his subordinates by his unflagging attention to every detail, and went home of an evening too tired sometimes for the twilit walks which were so sweet to Esther Rochdale—too tired even to sing their favorite duets—glad to sit in the easy-chair opposite his mother's while Esther sang or played to him. She did both with exquisite expression, and often brought the tears to her lover's eyes, but the tears he shed were not for her. They were weak regretful tears for one he knew to be unworthy of them. Vainly did he struggle against regrets which he felt to be both weak and wicked. This struggle was at its height when Lady Perriam's letter was handed to him one morning among his business letters at the bank. Sylvia had been too prudent to direct her epistle to Dean House.

The letter was of the briefest.

"DEAR MR. STANDEN,—I have a communication to make to you which I think you ought to hear. I dare not ask you to call upon me, lest you should compromise yourself and me by such a visit. Will you, therefore, meet me to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, in Perriam Church-yard?

"Yours faithfully, SYLVIA PERRIAM.
"PERRIAM PLACE, *Wednesday.*"

This seemed cool and business-like—the letter of a woman who had forgotten there had been so tender a tie between her and the man to whom she wrote. Edmund twisted the small sheet of perfumed paper between his fingers for a long time, pondering on that strange appeal. Should he grant this audacious request, knowing, as he too well knew, the weakness of his own heart? His first answer to that request was a forcible negative. He would not go.

Then came after-thoughts, which are apt to be fatal. Would she have written to him thus if she had not had strong reasons for sending him such a letter? What communication could she make to him? There was but one secret he would care to hear from those lips, and to hear that now would be worse than futile.

She would tell him, perhaps, that the infidelity which had gone very near to break his heart had been no willing act of hers; that influences stronger than he could imagine or believe had forced her to that unwomanly falsehood; that her father's greed, and not her own ambition, had made her the wife of Sir Aubrey Perriam. She might tell him all this, but to what avail? Could she stand blameless in his sight, she would be no nearer to him than she was now, for he was the affianced husband of Esther Rochdale. It was just possible, however, that she did not seek this meeting in order to extenuate her sin against him. She might have some pressing need of his help. He knew that she was friendless. He was a man of business. He had once loved her. To whom would she be more likely to appeal than to him?

"I should be a craven if I refused to grant her request," he said to himself; and wrote two or three lines in answer to Lady Perriam's letter, promising to be in the church-yard at the hour she named.

The letter was no sooner posted than Edmund Standen began to repent having written it. He thought how bad a look such a secret meeting would have in Esther's eye, should some unlucky hazard bring it to her knowledge. And people who live in villages are set round with spies.

Should he write another letter, recalling his promise? He debated that point all the afternoon, but did not write any such letter.

As the day grew later a guilty feeling crept over him, and he shrank from the idea of seeing Esther Rochdale and his mother before he had kept his appointment with Lady Perriam. He ordered his dinner from a tavern, and staid at the bank after office hours, looking into accounts, and writing business letters—staid there till the Monkhampton clocks chimed the quarter before eight.

From the bank to Perriam was about an hour's walk. Mr. Standen gave himself a quarter of an hour's margin; but instead of walking at a leisurely pace, and keeping himself cool, as he intended, he walked his fastest—walked himself almost into a fever, and entered the little lane leading to Perriam Church at half past eight, having done the distance in three-quarters of an hour.

He had nothing to do for the next half hour but smoke a cigar or two, stroll in and out among the moss-grown old grave-stones, muse like the meditative Hervey on life's mutability, and regret his own foolishness in having allowed Sylvia

Perriam to entrap him into this evening rendezvous.

Bitterly did he think of his false love as that long half hour wore on, and yet he yearned for her coming; and at the first sound of a light footfall on the terrace above him he felt his heart beating just as it used to beat, in summer evenings gone by, when he had waited for his mistress under the chestnut-tree—the same fervor, the same impatience, the same passion as of old, although he was Esther Rochdale's promised husband.

The light step came along the terrace, and he saw a black-robed figure pause by a low iron gate, open it, and then descend a little flight of steps to a gate opening into the church-yard. The moon was at the full, and Sylvia's beauty had a phantasmal look in that soft silver light, as she came slowly toward him, slender and shadowy in her flowing black dress, only the face shining out from that sombre darkness of drapery, ivory pale.

"This is very good of you," she said, falteringly, holding out her little ungloved hand with a doubtful gesture.

Hard to keep the leash upon passion! He had intended to be cold as ice—unimpressionable as a family lawyer. But he took the tremulous hand in his, and held it in as tender a clasp as when he had deemed this girl all innocence and truth.

"Good of me!" he said. "I suppose you knew you had only to beckon and I should come. But before you say one other word to me, let me tell you what, as an honest man, I am bound to tell. I come here as Esther Rochdale's affianced husband."

"I knew that when I wrote to you," answered Lady Perriam, her eyes fixed upon his face, fever-bright, but steadfast. "I knew that you could only come here as Miss Rochdale's engaged lover, but before you married I thought it right you should know the truth about me."

"I knew quite enough, Lady Perriam," answered Edmund, letting go the little hand, and putting on that armor of coldness which he had meant to wear from the first. "I know that you jilted me in order to marry my superior in wealth and position. Do I need to know any more?"

"Yes. You need to know why I did it," answered Sylvia, in a voice that thrilled him. Its ringing tone sounded like truth: for passion has a truth of its own—the truth of the moment.

"A woman has a thousand good reasons for every wrong she does," returned Edmund. "I am content to know that I was wronged, without entering into an examination of causes. The effect was all-sufficient."

"Do you think it was for my own sake I married Sir Aubrey?"

"Certainly; since you were the person to benefit by such an alliance."

"Can you imagine that I who loved you so dearly would have deserted you, unless I had been compelled to that act by an overpowering necessity?"

"What necessity should compel you, save your own ambition? You had shown me, often enough, your horror of poverty. You shrank from the future I offered you, which must have begun with a struggle for maintenance. It was not enough for you that I was hopeful; it was not enough that I promised to work for you. Sir Aubrey could give you wealth and splendor in the present, and you chose Sir Aubrey."

"I chose Sir Aubrey because my mother was starving in a garret in London, and to marry him was my only hope of maintaining her. You were brave. You were ready to begin life without a penny, and to work for me. If I burdened you with myself—blighted your prospects—lost you your inheritance—could I also burden you with the support of my mother? Yet I must do that, or let her starve, if I married you. For my mother's sake I sacrificed my own happiness, and married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

Edmund gazed at her for some moments in sheer bewilderment. Her looks and tones were full of truthfulness—earnestness so thrilling could hardly be false. He believed her in spite of himself.

"How was it that I never heard of your mother, or heard of her only as one who had long been dead? You told me that you had never seen her face; that she died while you were an infant."

"So I believed until the night after the school feast," answered Sylvia; and then briefly, yet with a graphic force that conjured up the scene before his wondering eyes, she told him of that night visitant—the penitent mother—depicted all her misery, but affected a deeper pity than she had ever felt for it, and touched the listener's compassionate heart. She described their parting, how the broken-hearted mother had kissed and blessed her, and how she (Sylvia) had promised to help and befriend her, were it at the cost of her own happiness.

"Within a week of that parting Sir Aubrey asked me to marry him. I remembered my promise to my mother. I knew that if I married him it would be easy to keep my promise; if I married you, almost impossible. I thought how unfortunate our marriage would be for you; how great a sacrifice it was to cost you; and I prayed God for strength of mind to renounce you, and to marry the rich old man who could give me power to rescue my mother from a life of unmitigated wretchedness. Was I so utterly contemptible as you seem to have thought me, Edmund?"

"Contemptible," cried Edmund; "no, Sylvia, not contemptible; but mistaken, fatally mistaken. I would have toiled for your mother as willingly as for you—worked for her ungrudgingly—and whether our home were rich or poor, she should have shared it."

"You do not know what you are saying, Edmund. My mother was not one you could have acknowledged without some touch of shame. She had been a sinner."

"And had repented. I would not have been ashamed of her penitence. She should have lived with us in peace and security, and none should have dared to question her past life."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sylvia, with a cry of despair, "if I had but known you could be so generous!"

"You had no right to question my generosity—or my humanity. This was a case of common humanity rather than generosity. Do you think I would have let my wife's mother starve?"

"You might have found life so hard, Edmund."

"I would have fought the battle, let it be ever so hard. I would have kept sheep in Australia if I couldn't earn our bread in England."

Sylvia was silent. That picture of Australian sheep-farming, though noble enough in the abstract, had no fascination for her. Yet, as circumstances had shaped themselves, she would gladly have been an emigrant's hard-working helpmeet rather than the thing she was, burdened with one dark secret that weighed her to the ground.

"I have told you all the truth, Edmund," she said, after a pause in which they had both seemed lost in thought, Edmund leaning upon the rusty railings of a tomb, his face hidden from Lady Perriam, as if he feared to let her see the workings of a countenance which might have revealed too much of the mind's fierce struggle with overmastering passion.

"I have told you all," she repeated; "can you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive. You did what you deemed was right. I can only regret that you had not greater confidence in my affection and in my power to help those you love. I hope that you secured your own happiness by an act which nearly wrecked mine."

"My own happiness!" she echoed, drearily. "Do you think it was for my own happiness to forsake you? Do you think I was *all* falsehood when I hung upon your neck that day in Hedingham Church-yard?"

No answer. He stands like a rock, looking straight before him with a cold, steady gaze, ordering his heart to be still, that heart whose passionate beating belies his outward calm.

"Have you ever doubted my love for you, Edmund?" asks Sylvia, stung by this merciless calm.

"No more than I doubted that the summer roses bloomed that year—and withered," he answered. "Your love died with them."

"It never died. It filled my heart when I deserted you. Yes, when I stood before God's altar with Sir Aubrey Perriam, it was you I saw standing at my side. It was to you I uttered my vows, it was you I swore to love and honor and obey. The rest was all a bad dream."

Still silence—a pause during which Sylvia feels as if her heart were slowly congealing, as if she were standing in the Norse god's icy palace, freezing to death.

Then came a question, asked in slow, level tones, as if it were the most commonplace inquiry.

"Was this the communication you had to make, Lady Perriam?"

"Yes; what else should I have to say to you? Yes, I sent for you to tell you this. You shall not give Esther Rochdale your heart without knowing the secret of mine. I never ceased to love you. I was never really false to you. I flung away my own peace for the sake of a desolate, despairing creature, who had but one being in all the world from whom to hope for succor. And now I am free once more—free and rich—and true to you. Will you forget all your old vows, the deathless love you have so often told me about? Will you forsake me to marry that prim pattern of provincial perfection, Miss Rochdale?"

"Spare your sneers against my future wife, Lady Perriam. Yes, I am going to marry Miss Rochdale, and if I am not as happy with her as I once hoped to be with you, it will be my folly, and no missing grace or charm in my wife, that will be to blame."

"Which means that you do not care for her," cried Sylvia. "Oh, Edmund, I know how contemptible I must seem in your eyes to-night, even more despicable than when I seemed to be false to you. I know what a hideous offense against conventionality I have committed; that I have almost shut myself out from the ranks of virtuous women by this self-sought meeting. Despise me as much as you please, Edmund; I know full well how deep a shame I have brought upon myself by this reckless act; but I can bear even that. Marry Esther Rochdale. Yes, you are right, she *is* worthy of you. She is good, pure, true—all things that I am not. Marry her, and forget me. I am content, now that you know the truth. Blot me from your memory, Edmund, forever, if you like—but if you do remember me, think, at least, that I was not utterly base. And now leave me, and go back to Miss Rochdale."

She stretched out her arm with a gesture of dismissal. Till this moment Edmund had stood by the ivy-wreathed railings of the Perriam tomb, fixed, immovable, sturdily battling with that demon of weak and foolish love which bade him cast truth, honor, loyalty, to the winds, and clasp this false idol to his breast. But now, as she retreated from him slowly in the moonlight—a phantom-like figure gliding out of his reach—the fatal folly mastered him, the passion he had never conquered once more enslaved him. He stretched out his arms, three eager steps brought him to her side, and once again she was held to his heart—held as if never more to be set free.

"Leave you! forget you! go back to another woman! No, Sylvia, you know I can not do that. You knew that, when you lured me here to-night, you would have me at your feet. I have come back to your net. You have called me back. You would have it so, for good or evil. I am dishonored, perjured, weakest and worst among men; but I am yours, and yours only!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Clarence House, the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh, was scarcely sufficient for his requirements as a bachelor, and although efforts have been made to improve it by uniting it with St. James's Palace, the imperial Russian bride can not fail to contrast it with the grandeur with which royalty is surrounded in the great Northern capital. The dower of the Grand Duchess was 1,000,000 rubles, besides an annuity of £20,000.

Subscriptions for the Centennial Exhibition promised from the State of Pennsylvania alone amount to over $3,200,000, and influential citizens have offered to raise $5,000,000 or even $10,000,000 more, if necessary, rather than that the Exhibition should fall through from lack of co-operation and sympathy in other States.

Alexander Agassiz, son of the late Professor Agassiz, has been chosen trustee of the Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge.

Discussions are going on in Congress in regard to plans for improving and beautifying the grounds surrounding the Capitol at Washington. It is proposed to consolidate the management of public buildings and grounds, thus reducing expenses, and at the same time hastening the desired result. "Great bodies," it is said, "move slowly;" and where there are several great bodies in charge of a matter, they often do not move at all.

The Compulsory Education Bill, which has long been before the New York Legislature, provides that any child under sixteen years of age, found in the streets of the city, may be committed as a vagrant, unless proof be given that he attends some school.

St. Petersburg time is two hours in advance of Greenwich time; consequently Londoners who noted the incidents of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage by their own watches, enjoyed them mentally a couple of hours after they had occurred.

The *Princess of Thule*, by William Black, promises to surpass his previous works in popularity, for it has already reached its fourth English edition, although first published in book form but a short time ago.

It may possibly interest some of our readers to know that the total number of hogs packed at Chicago this season up to the middle of February amounted to 1,483,838.

The temperance crusade continues to be prosecuted in Ohio with great vigor. In Columbus, where there are about nine hundred saloons, the movement was inaugurated by a meeting attended by six hundred ladies.

"How many children have you?" asked the superintendent of the Commissioners of Charities of a poor woman who recently applied for help.

"Eight," was the calm reply.

"What's your husband's trade?"

"He has none," the poor woman replied.

Counterfeiters have been busy. A caution has been given the public against the reception of two-dollar counterfeit notes upon the following banks, which are now in circulation: First National Bank, Ninth National Bank, National Shoe and Leather Bank, Marine National Bank, National Bank of the State of New York, National Bank of Commerce.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who was favored with a glimpse of the bridal trousseau of the Grand Duchess Marie, mentions, among other things, dozens and dozens of pairs of dainty shoes, trays of pocket-handkerchiefs, piles of wonderfully embroidered petticoats, scores of delicately tinted silk stockings, an endless array of laces and ribbons, fifty morning dresses of silk, satin, and velvet, not to mention cloaks, bonnets, furs, and hundreds of other elegant articles of dress.

The Emperor of Austria has recently celebrated the silver wedding between himself and his people, and the King of Holland is about to follow his example. William III. ascended the Dutch throne March 17, 1849. His wife, Queen Sophie, is one of the most accomplished women in Europe.

An application is to be made to Congress to separate the law section from the National Library, and place it under the control of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* states that he has learned from many years' experience in a machine-shop, where over three hundred men are employed, that a rag glued on a flesh-wound is not only a speedy curative, but a great protection.

The secret of controlling a school may be gathered from the following brief extract: "Looking is not always seeing. The leader of a school should be quick to *see* disorder, who causes it, and just how to quell it."

Adelina Patti recently received a curious and costly gift in Russia—a canary-bird of solid gold, life-size, with pearl bill and diamond eyes.

Surely now every lady has a right to wear a life-preserver on her head if she pleases. A short time ago the soprano of a Boston church fell down a long flight of stairs. She struck on her head, and her life was saved in consequence of a thick braid of false hair which she wore.

Jews were formerly regarded as an exclusive race. But that has passed away. The sister of Mayer Rothschild, recently deceased, was married to Hon. Henry Fitzroy, of the ducal house of Grafton.

Now comes up a knotty problem for lawyers to solve concerning the never-to-be-at-rest Siamese Twins. Supposing they had been evil-minded, disorderly citizens, and one of them had committed some crime or misdemeanor, what could have been done about it? Chang could not easily have been imprisoned for stealing, or hung for murder, without great injustice to Eng. We suppose this must be one of the important questions the physicians at Philadelphia have been laboring to solve. And if the world were likely to be peopled by twins of the Siamese type, the question would become of practical value. But we scarcely think the danger is imminent.

About 1,500,000 of the new trade dollars have been already coined, and the demand for them is increasing.

The British Board of Trade has discovered 10,000,000 pounds of adulterated teas in bond at the London custom-house, and proposes that they be sent to this country.

In 1786 the population of New York city was 23,614, and at that time the number of churches was nine. In 1825 the population had increased to 166,089, and the churches numbered eighty-four. When the last census was taken, in 1870, the population was shown to be 942,292, and there were four hundred and seventy churches, indicating a marked progress in the erection of church edifices.

The United States government has set aside for educational purposes 140,000,000 acres of the public lands. When we remember that there are nearly fifteen millions of children who are of an age to attend school, such a reservation does not seem too much.

During the past year the Massachusetts Agricultural College received a gift of $1000 from Ex-Governor Claflin for the endowment of the Grinnell Agricultural prizes.

There is a deal of sarcastic truth in the following paragraph, which is from the pen of Rev. T. K. Beecher:

> "It is extremely difficult to commit the crime of murder in such an accurate and honest way that it shall satisfy the specifications of the statute. Unless the would-be murderer take legal counsel beforehand, and follow instructions minutely, he will fail nine times in ten, however sincerely he may try. Any body can kill a man, but he can not do it in first-degree-murder-style without counsel and care."

Few singers who have visited America won more universal love and respect than Madame Parepa-Rosa. She was above petty jealousies, and the most cordial relations usually prevailed between herself and the members of the company in which she sung. She was constantly doing little acts of kindness—singing to the servants at the hotels in her travels, or helping some unfortunate musician. On one occasion she attended a benefit performance at a theatre, when one of the principal attractions advertised did not appear. She promptly came forward from the audience, and relieved the beneficiary's distress by going upon the stage, dressed as she was, and volunteering a song. Madame Rosa owned a pleasant house in London, to which she designed some time to retire, and enjoy that quiet domestic life for which she always longed, and for which she was admirably fitted. She had a warm and affectionate disposition, and her attachments were strong and lasting.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised in return to grant them *whatever* request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied with the request that he would—return it.

Net Profits—A fisherman's.

A lady, when asked why from India so often
Girls singly return, though they've beauty and wit,
Replied, "Pray remember (your satire to soften)
It is not all times that a miss makes a hit."

A Kentucky paper, in telling how a little boy got drowned while in swimming, says that after wading about for some time he "stepped off over his head." Now that was a careless thing to do. Little boys should be very careful not to step over their heads, for even if they do not get drowned, they may break a leg.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine as he went one day to Westminster Hall with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo's to sell?" "No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor, "they are all *new suits*."

It is rather cool in a San Francisco paper to advise a young man "to go West."

EAGLE THE FIRST.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

EAGLE YE SECOND.

By G. Whillikins.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,
Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence,
He spies a mice, what's got no sense.
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

P.S.—The difference, though only faint,
'Twixt that and this I now will paint:
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

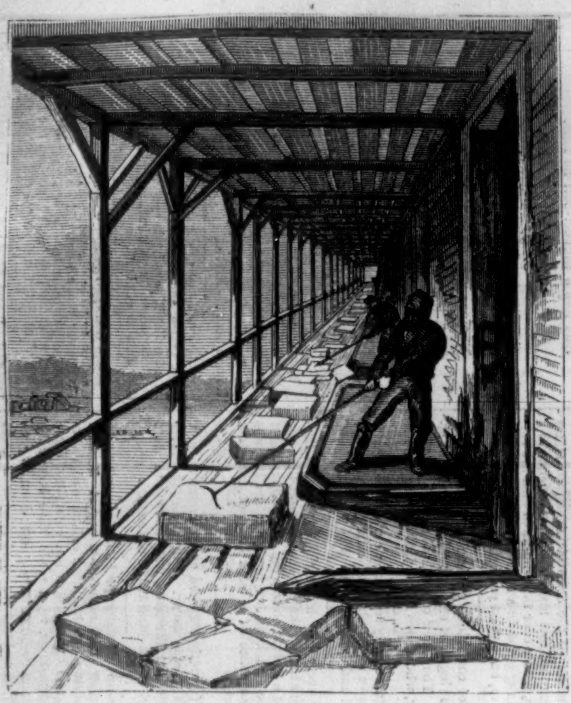
Did the man who plowed the seas, and afterward planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crops?

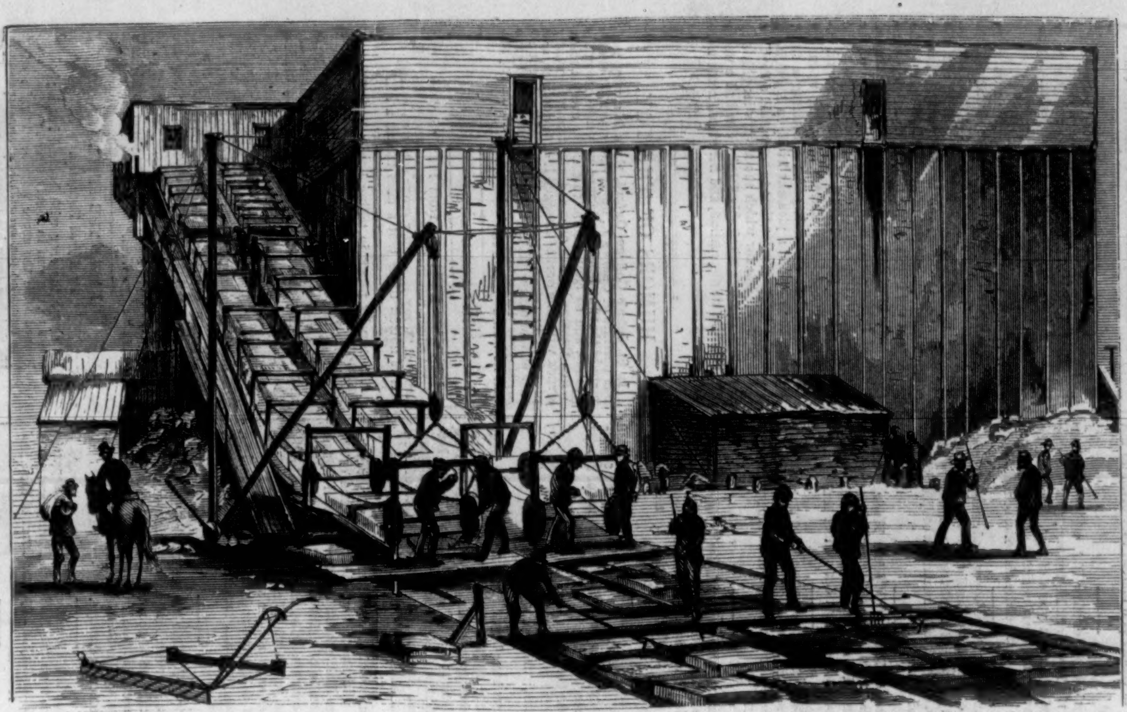
You do not need to black your boots in Pittsburg. You hang them out of the window at night, and they are black enough in the morning.

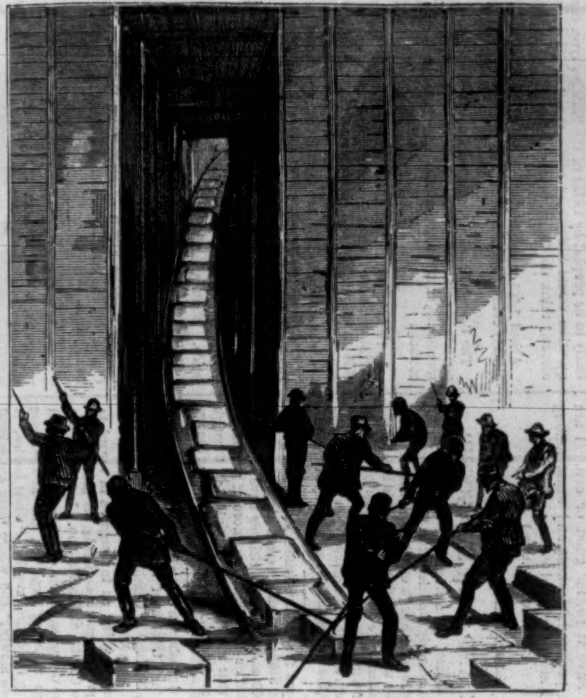
A young woman's conundrum: Who is our favorite Roman hero?—Marius.

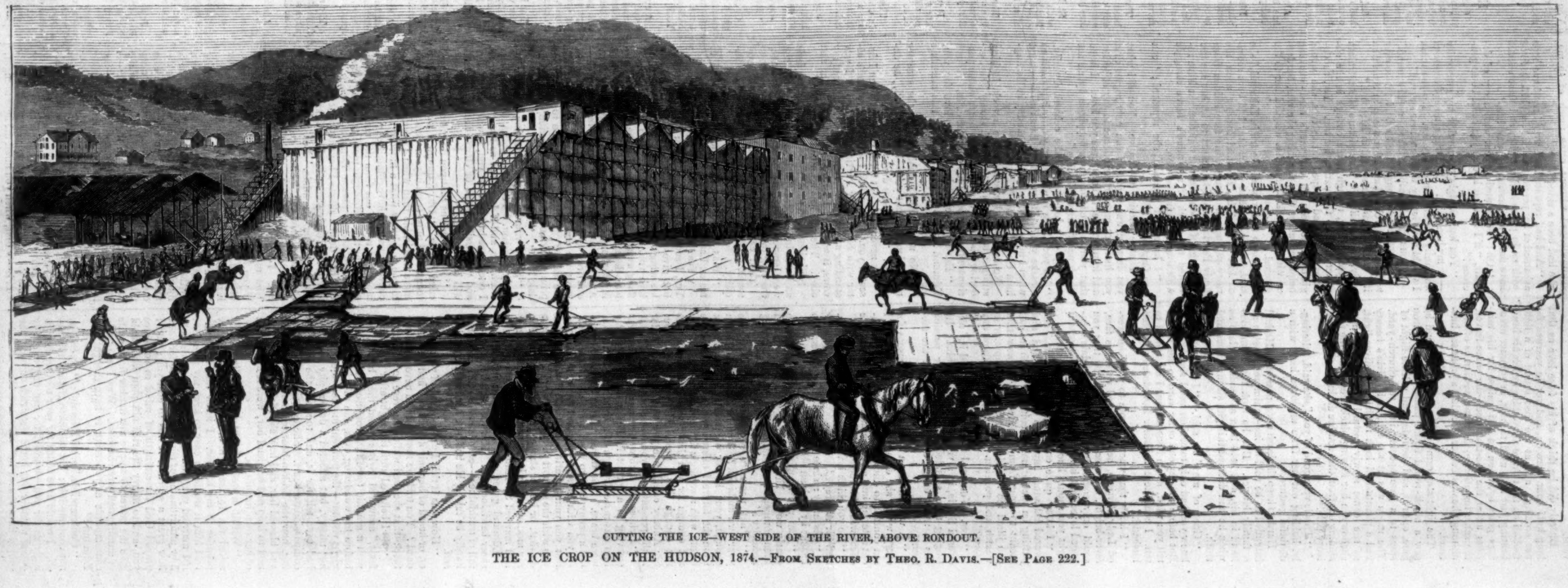
Dugald Stewart, in reference to the limited circle of jests, fables, and tales which occur in the literature of all nations, says he is tempted to believe that human invention, like a barrel-organ, is limited to a specific number of tunes.

Some years ago a letter was received in New Orleans, directed to "the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the young clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

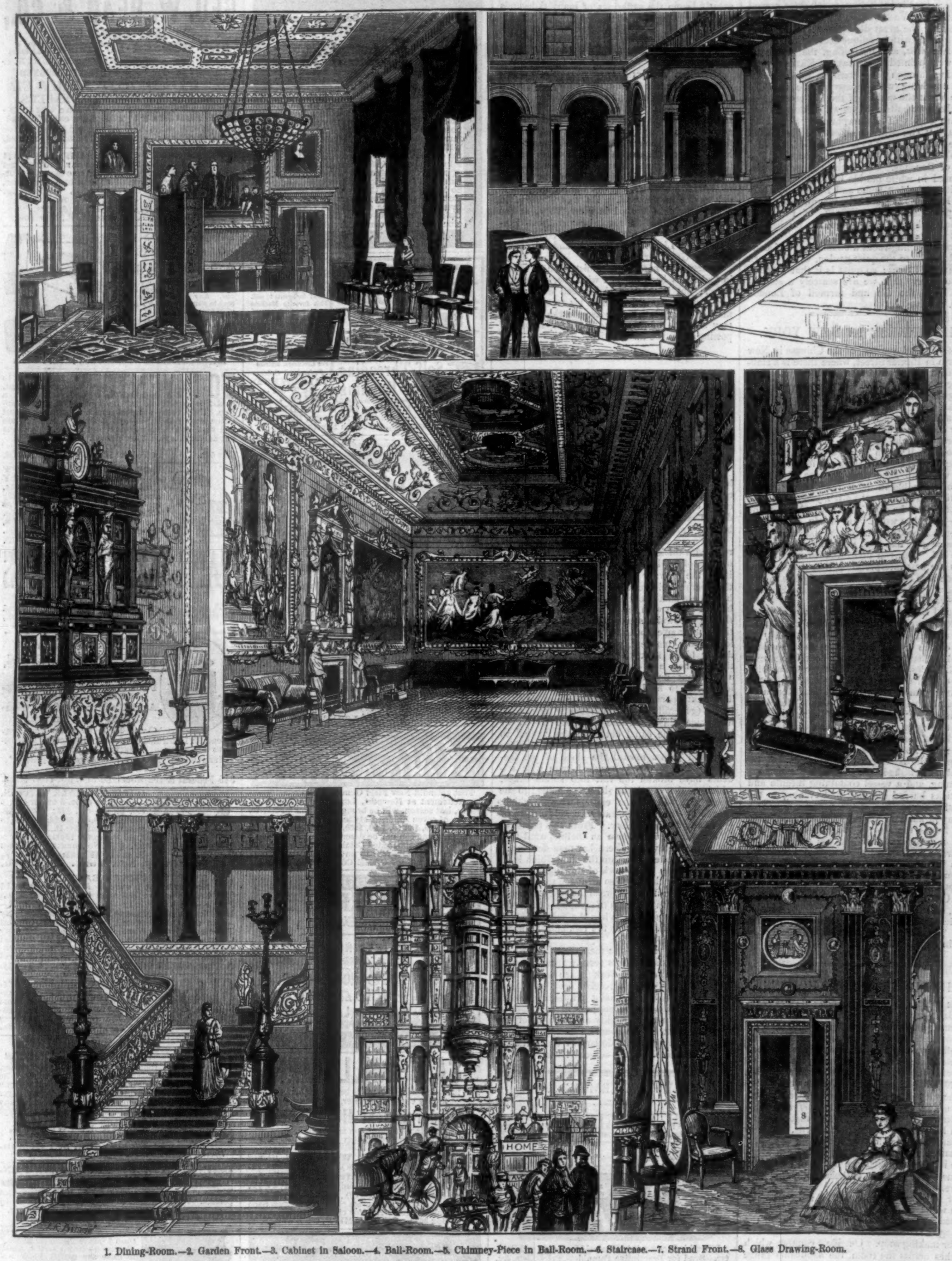

THE RUN.


THE SLOPE.


STOWING THE ICE.


CUTTING THE ICE—WEST SIDE OF THE RIVER, ABOVE RONDOUT.

THE ICE CROP ON THE HUDSON, 1874.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



1. Dining-Room.—2. Garden Front.—3. Cabinet in Saloon.—4. Ball-Room.—5. Chimney-Piece in Ball-Room.—6. Staircase.—7. Strand Front.—8. Glass Drawing-Room.

THE DEMOLITION OF NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, LONDON—VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

In the midst of all the bustle of Charing Cross, Northumberland House stands in grim magnificence, the last of the palaces which formerly lined the Strand. It is soon to be demolished to make way for modern improvements.

Built originally by the Earl of Northampton about the end of the sixteenth century, on the site of what had been the Convent of St. Mary Rouncivall, and then called Northampton House, it was bequeathed by the Earl to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, and about 1614 it began to be called Suffolk House. In 1642 the tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral of England, married a daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and bought the house from his brother-in-law; but it was not till some time after this that it took the name which it now bears.

It passed into the possession of the Seymour family by the marriage of the famous Proud Duke of Somerset, Charles Seymour, with the only daughter and heiress of Josceline, the eleventh Earl of Northumberland. This lady had been married twice previously, although she had then reached only the age of seventeen. The house, however, still kept the name of "Northumberland," as there already existed a Somerset House in the Strand.

In 1749 it became the property of Elizabeth, only daughter of Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, and wife of Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, Yorkshire. In 1766 Sir Hugh took the name of Percy, and soon afterward he and his wife were created first Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. From them the present possessor of the house is descended.

On crossing the spacious court-yard and entering the front-door we find ourselves in the waiting hall, with its marble floor, and huge oak chests, and pictures by Snyders. To the left is the grand staircase, with its double flight of white marble steps, elaborate balustrade, and candelabra. Ascending to the suit of rooms above, there is much to admire in quaint cabinets (notably two which once belonged to Louis Quatorze, and bear his monogram), mosaic-topped tables, curious embroidery, old china, ivory carvings, and paintings by Jacob Ruysdael, Hahnemann, Van Goyen, Gainsborough, and Philips. Returning to the ground-floor, we enter the dining-rooms, in the smaller of which hang examples of the works of Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Velvet Breughel and his son, Vandyck, Schalken, and Canaletto. In the great dining-room are "Diana's Return from the Chase," by Rubens; portraits by Tintoret, Vandyck, Dobson, and Stone; "Ixion on the Wheel," by Lancetto; two hunting scenes, the joint productions of Rubens and SNYDERS; and, presiding over all, the noble "Conrara Family" of Titian, which once graced the mansion of VANDYCK.

Adjoining the great dining-room is the glass drawing-room, with its unique decoration, ormolu over plate-glass, and its ceiling, the panels of which were painted by ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

Passing through the anteroom, the walls of which are hung with tapestry made in Soho Square about the middle of the last century, we enter the state ball-room, its walls adorned with immense copies of RAFFAELLE'S "School of Athens," "The Marriage Feast of Cupid and Psyche," and the "Presentation of Cupid;" GUIDO'S "Aurora;" and A. CARRACCI'S "Triumph of Bacchus." Over the chimney-pieces, sculptured in white marble by ROUBILLIAC, are portraits of the first Duke and Duchess by HUDSON. Here also is placed the magnificent Sèvres Vase presented by CHARLES X. of France to the third Duke, who represented the English nation at the coronation of that monarch.

From the dining-room a double flight of stone steps descends to the quiet garden, with its green lawn and tall trees; so quiet is it that it seems hard to believe that we are scarcely a stone's-throw from the din and turmoil of London streets.

THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

THE principal quarters of the Chinese in New York are in Baxter Street, where there is a club-room, of which a picture is given on page 212, and there, with the quaint faces of the trio of Buddhist gods beaming beneficently upon him from over the altar, with its burning perfumed joss-sticks and its offerings of stuffed birds, our artist sat for hours watching the devotees, the opium-smokers, and the gamblers. The pipes, the dominoes, and "cash" were even brought into the sacred presence of the gods for his enjoyment, while an aged man (he who sits at the right of the table in the drawing) repeated for our artist's instruction: "Ya-jah, jah-ya-ha. He no Kong-Tse—he no Confucius. He fore de worl'—he makee worl'. He no son, he no fader—paren. He oder man he god too; oder man allee same god, like him, only he make him; he not so old. Yes, you understandee me." And that is the best interpretation that they have as yet been able to give of the three figures, which are gods. "Yes—no." And are they human? "No—yes."

Around the room are hung many-colored papers closely written over in Chinese characters. These contain the accounts, bulletins, and "orders" of the club. There are also almanacs printed in Shanghai, and scrolls containing news from the Celestial Empire. In the room adjoining a score of Chinese sea-faring men are seated at a long gaming-table covered with dominoes and their native coins of small value. Their only game is one of "odd and even." At one corner of this outside or gaming room is arranged one of the most interesting features of the whole place. A little altar, over which is suspended a scroll containing the names of deceased members of the club, is furnished with a lamp, kept constantly burning, and a vessel containing incense and joss-sticks burned morning and evening to the souls of the departed Celestials.

Away in another quarter of Donovan's Lane, which lies in the rear of the club-house, is the opium merchant's house and the rooms of the smokers. A wretched place at best, it contains only a few low benches and a dilapidated bed, whereon the landlord and a chance customer are reclining. Our artist looked in vain for the wives of the Chinese, who sometimes visit the smoking-rooms, and who are invariably English, Irish, or American girls with some pretensions to prettiness. There has not been a Chinese woman resident in New York for years.

THE BENNETT SOUP-HOUSES.

THE charitable liberality of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, in giving $30,000 for the purpose of opening and maintaining free soup-houses for the poor during the winter, was carried into practical effect on the 18th of February, when four of these places were opened in as many police precincts. Large kettles, each capable of holding 120 gallons, have been placed in each room, and the soup is prepared under the direct supervision of Mr. DELMONICO and his *chef de cuisine*, Mr. CHARLES RANHOFFER. The materials are of the best quality the market affords, and it is the plan to give a different soup each day. At the station-house in each ward where a soup-house is located tickets are issued to all decent persons, those applying on behalf of families or children being served first.

Our illustration on page 213 represents the scene witnessed by our artist in the soup-house situated at 110 Centre Street on the day of the opening. Here there are two of the large kettles for making soup. Outside a counter, which stretches across the room, the applicants range themselves, and each in turn is served with the rich hot soup in tin mugs, holding about a pint each. Nearly five hundred persons were served on the opening day at this place alone. It was astonishing to see the number of children who came with pitchers, pails, and tin kettles, and on being questioned as to who sent them for soup, these little waifs of misery, all of whom were clean and neat in their attire, and many of them bright-eyed and smart-looking, invariably answered, "My mother sent me;" some adding, "she is sick," or, "mamma is hungry, and so am I." Twenty of the men who drank their soup before leaving the kitchen were cripples or disabled, and over sixty years of age.

Similar soup-houses are to be opened in available places in every part of the city, if possible in every engine-house and police station. They will be carefully managed, and will doubtless greatly lessen the sufferings of many thousands of the deserving poor of this city.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR.

GENERAL JOAQUIN JOVELLAR, the present Captain-General of Cuba, of whom we give a portrait on page 213, is considered one of the most intelligent officers of the Spanish army. He is forty-seven years of age, is pleasant and genial in bearing in private life, and is well liked by those who come in personal contact with him. During the campaign in Morocco he was Quartermaster-General and Chief of Staff under O'DONNEL, and distinguished himself by his administrative abilities, but did not see much actual service in the field. He was wounded in a street fight in Madrid in June, 1866, at the commencement of the revolt against Queen ISABELLA. After the triumph of the revolution he was made Lieutenant-General, and appointed Military Governor of Madrid.

General JOVELLAR'S administration of affairs in Cuba has been marked with energy and decision; but it remains to be seen whether he can carry into practical effect his recent proclamation calling into active service the full military strength of the island for the purpose of putting down the insurrection.

THE ICE CROP ON THE HUDSON.

THE ice crop gathered along the Hudson during the present season has not been a large one. The ice is of fair quality, and enough is now stored to prevent a famine during the next summer, as well as obviate the necessity for an exorbitant charge for an article of household use which is no longer a luxury, but a necessity.

Our sketches on page 220 will give an excellent idea of the process of gathering in the ice crop at its height. They were made in the vicinity of Rondout, where, during the past ten days, nearly three thousand men and boys have been at work cutting and storing.

The work was commenced as soon as the ice reached a thickness of nine inches. The ponds or plots of good ice (for the thickness and quality of the ice vary greatly at different points on the river) within convenient distance of the ice-houses are staked out and marked with hemlock brush. Then with ice-plows the men mark out the ice in suitable squares (36 by 22 inches), cutting the groove about an inch in depth. Following the markers, plowmen with plows of deeper blade sink the groove to a depth of three inches, and continue this operation until a sufficient depth is attained. Just enough ice is left to hold the blocks firmly together. The next operation is to separate a raft of the blocks (generally 112 in number) by taps of the heavy ice-chisel. These rafts are towed by horses into the canal cut from the "pond" to the ice-house, where the raft is secured by pike-men, and thrust toward the slope of the ice-house. Before this is reached, men with tridents have broken the raft into single cakes, which, as they reach the slope, are guided to the cleets attached to the endless chains, which, moved by steam-power, carry a steady stream of ice to any desired gallery. From this point the blocks glide swiftly down an incline, until they reach the doorways, where bar-men dextrously switch cake after cake into the slide which leads into the house. The work of stowing is quickly done, and the blocks are so arranged that a space of two or three inches between the cakes gives circulation of air and means of escape for the water from the melting ice. When the house is filled, loose hay is thrown over the top, and the house is closed.

The wages paid to the men vary from $1 50 to $2 25 per diem; boys receive from 75 cents to $1 00. The day's work is ten and a half hours. The workmen receive each evening a ticket, on which the amount printed represents currency, and these tickets pass at any store in the vicinity quite as readily as the notes of the national bank, at the counters of which nearly one hundred thousand dollars of these tickets will be cashed before the season closes.

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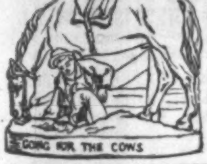

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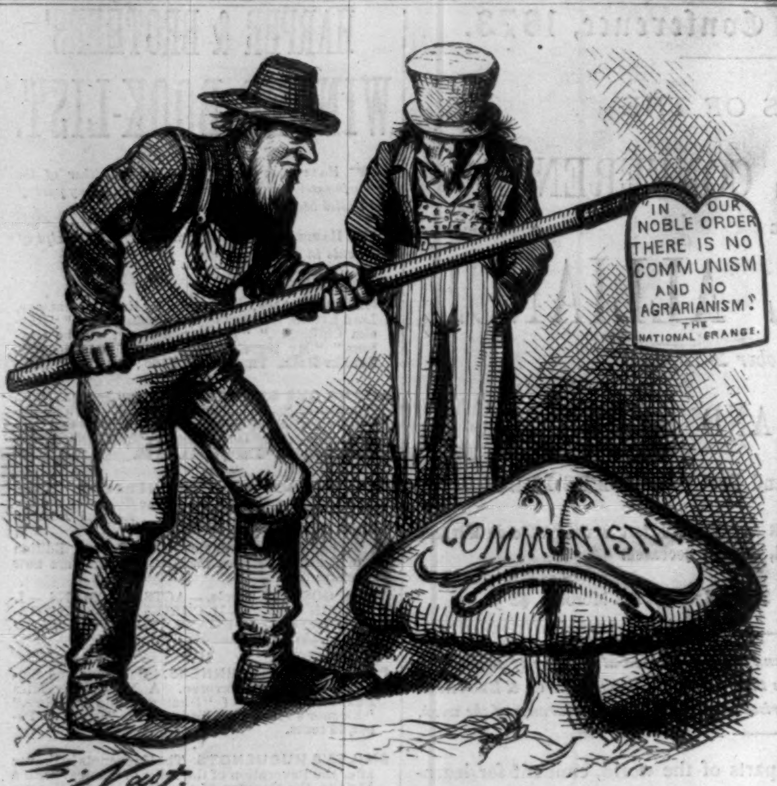
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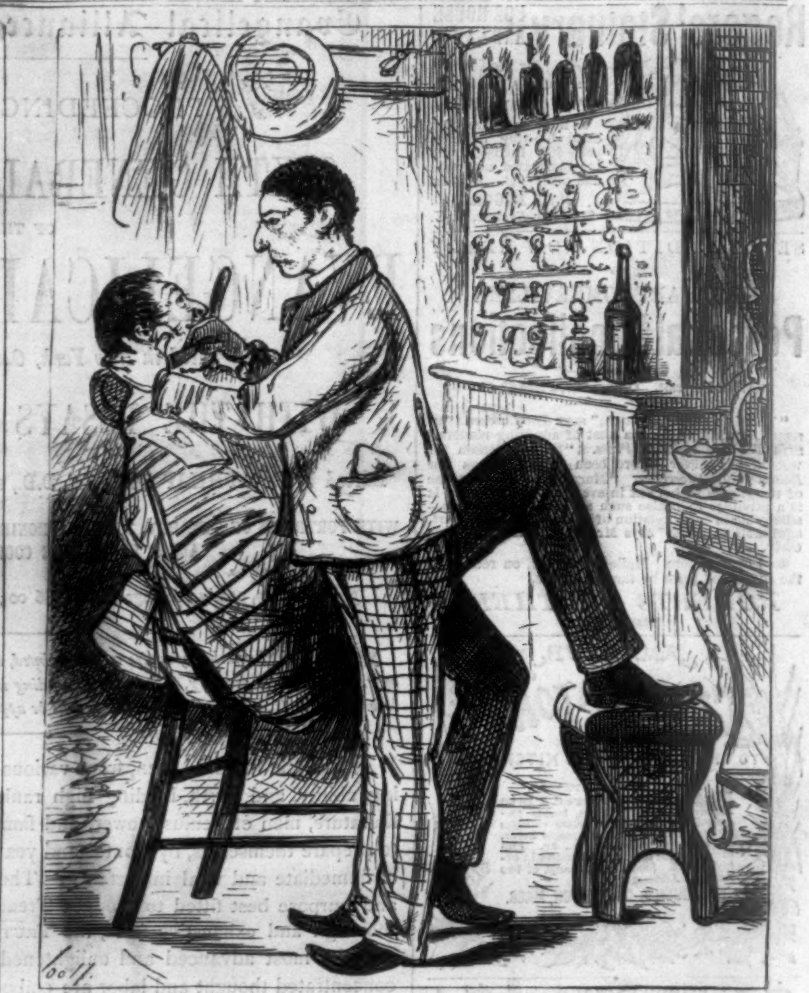

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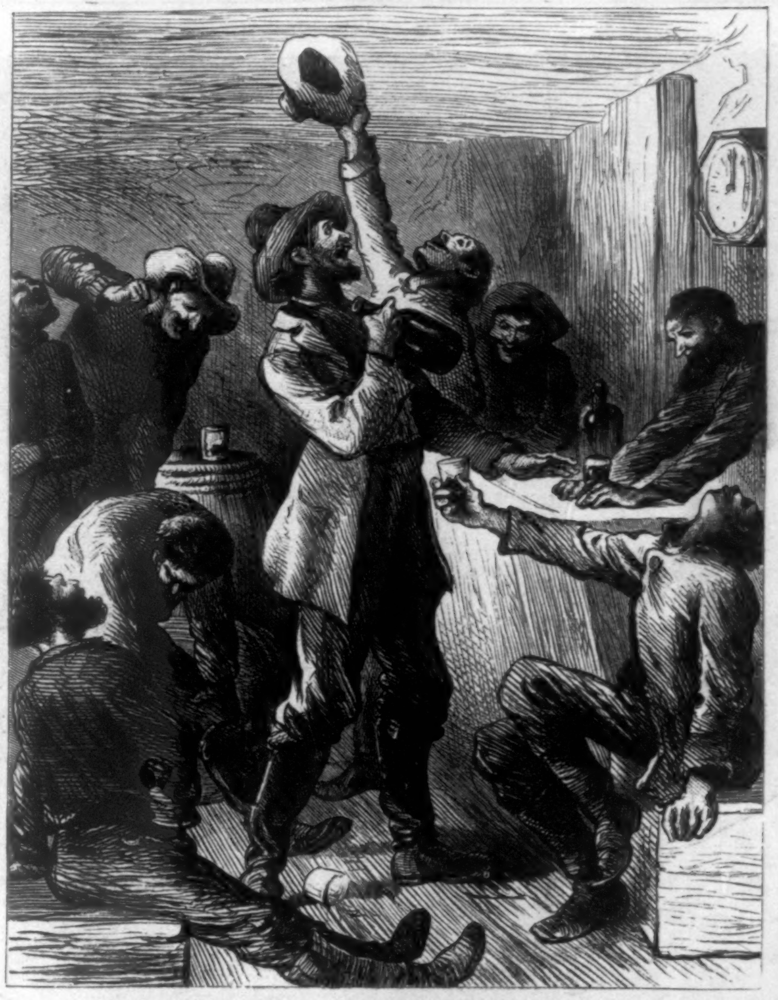
IT'S all very well for preachin',
But preachin' and practice don't gee;
I'm posted on virtue and temp'rance,
And you can't ring it in on me.
Jest toddle along with your pledge, Squire,
Ef that's what you want me to sign;
Betwixt me and you, I've been thar,
And I'll not take any in mine.

A year ago last Fo'th July
A lot o' the boys was here:
We all got corned, and signed the pledge
Fur to drink no more that year.
There was Tilman Joy and Sheriff M'Phail,
And me and Abner Fry,
And Shelby's boy Leviticus,
And the Golyers—Luke and Cy.

And we anteed up a hundred,
In the hands o' Deacon Kedge,
Fur to be divided the follerin' Fo'th
'Mongst the boys that kep' the pledge.
And we knowed each other so well, Squire,
You may take my scalp for a fool
Ef every man when he signed his name
Didn't feel dead sure of the pool.

Fur a while it all went lovely;
We put up a job next day
Fur to make Joy b'lieve his wife was dead,
And he went home middlin' gay.
Then Abner Fry he killed a man,
And afore he was hung, M'Phail
Jest bilked the widder outen her sheer
By gittin' him slewed in jail.

But Chris'mas scooped the Sheriff—
The eggnogs gethered him in—
And Shelby's boy Leviticus
Was New-Year's tight as sin.
And along in March the Golyers
Got so drunk that a fresh biled owl
Would 'a looked, 'longside o' them two young men,
Like a sober temperance fowl.



"THEM ORNARY SNEAKS HAD SOT THE CLOCK A HALF AN HOUR AHEAD!"

Four months alone I walked the chalk;
I thought my heart would break,
And all them boys a-slappin' my back,
And axin', "What 'll you take?"
I never slept without dreamin' dreams
Of Burbin, Peach, or Rye,
But I chawed at my nigger-head, and swore
I'd rake that pool or die.

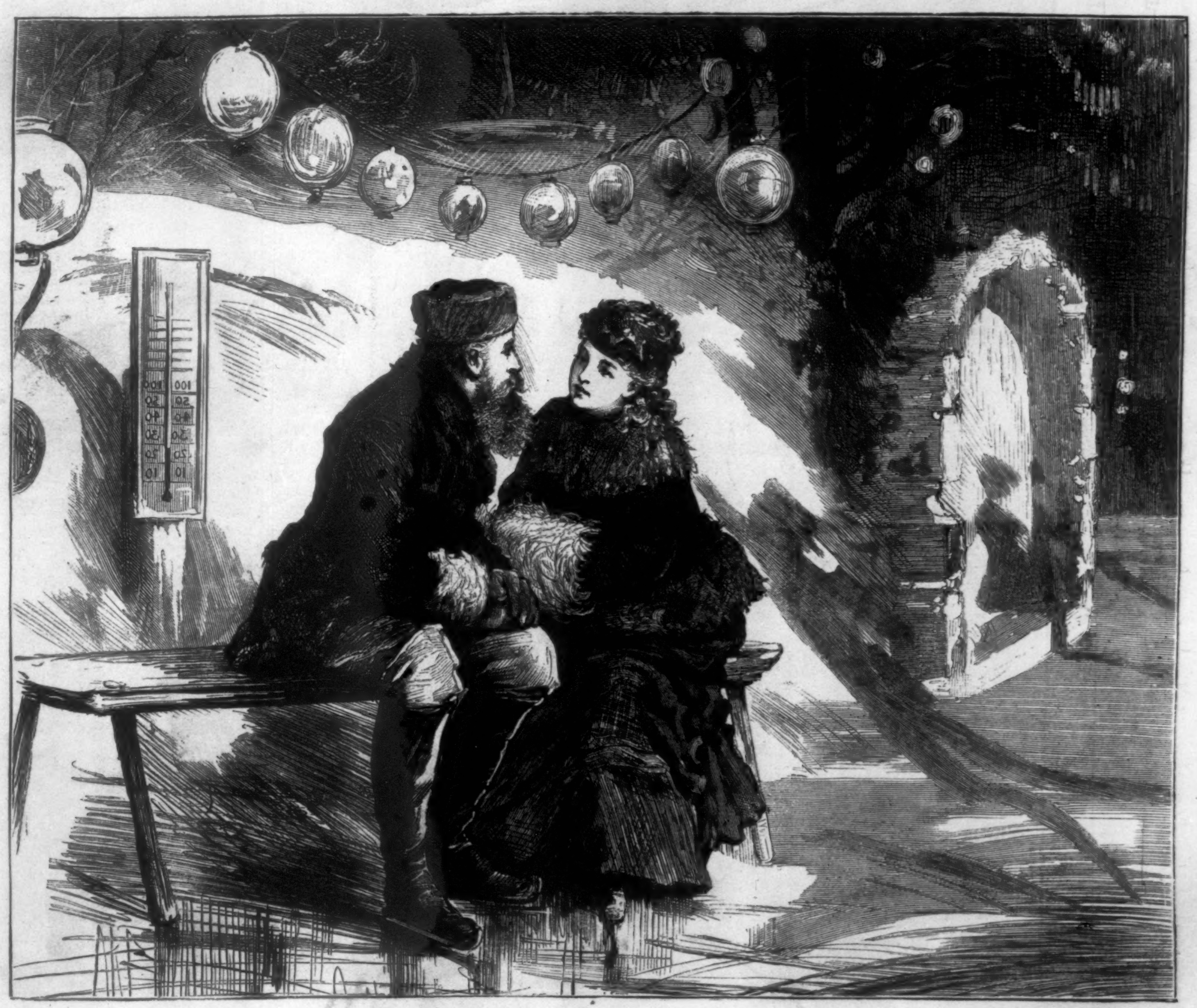
At last—the Fo'th—I humped myself
Through chores and breakfast soon,
Then scooted down to Taggart's store,
For the pledge was off at noon;
And all the boys was gethered thar,
And each man hilt his glass,
Watchin' me and the clock, quite solemn like,
Fur to see the last minute pass.

The clock struck twelve! I raised the jug,
And took one lovin' pull—
I was holler clar from skull to boots,
It seemed I couldn't git full.
But I was roused by a fiendish laugh
That might have raised the dead—
Them ornary sneaks had sot the clock
A half an hour ahead!

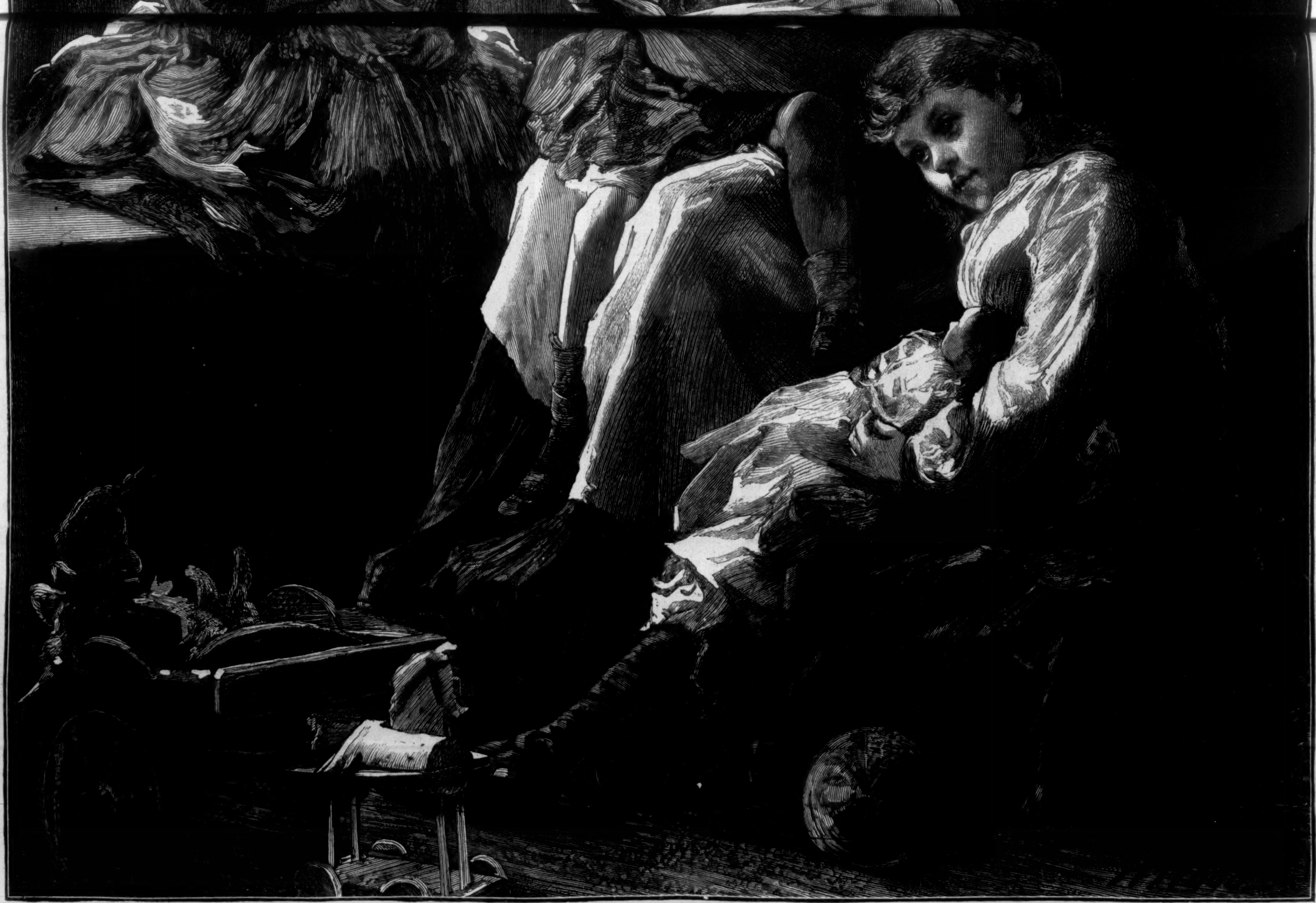
"All right," I squawked, "you've got me;
Jest order your drinks agin,
And we'll paddle up to the Deacon's
And scoop the ante in."
But when we got to Kedge's,
What a sight was that we saw!
The Deacon and Parson Skeeters
In the tail of a game of Draw.

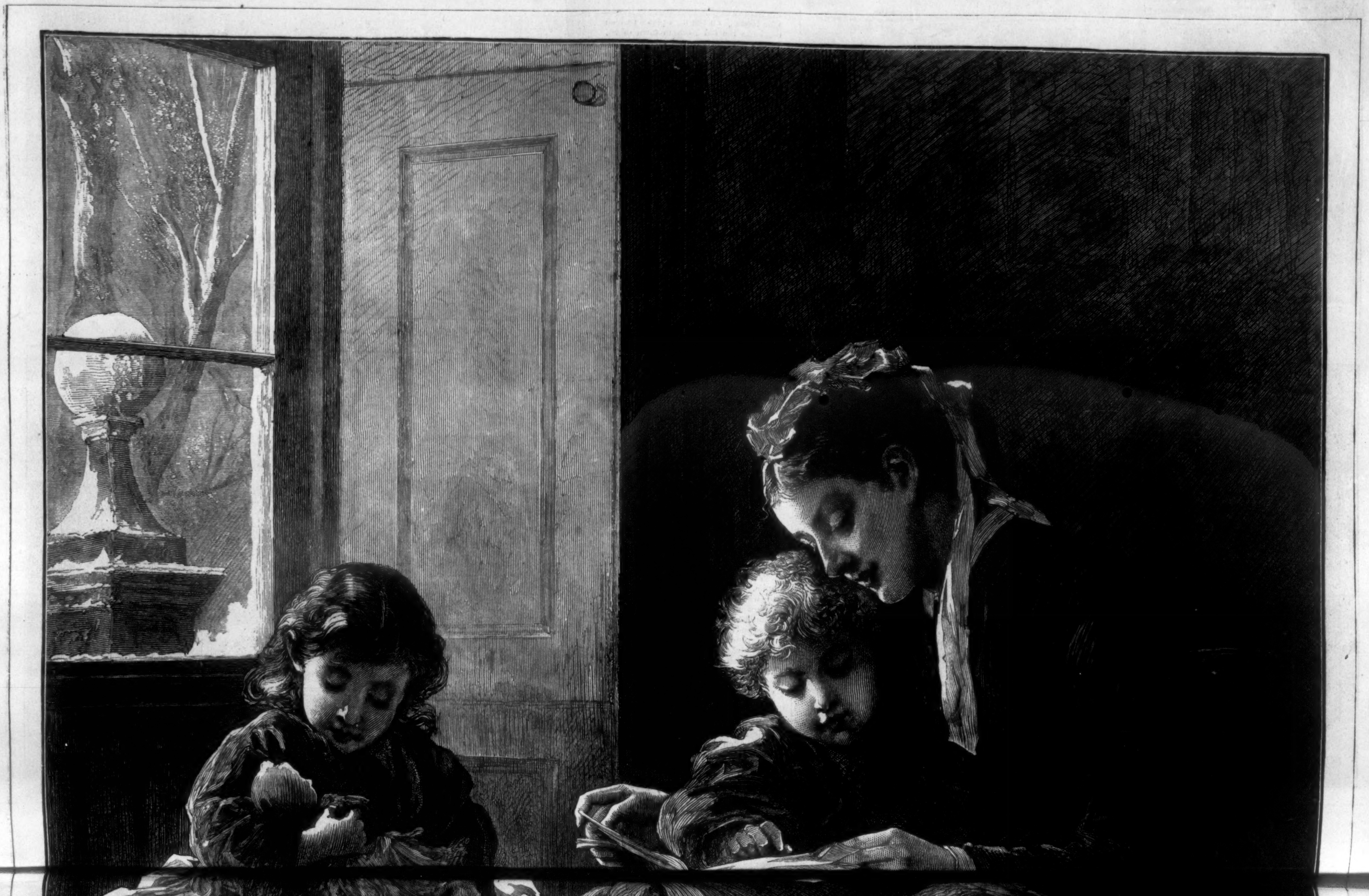
They had shook 'em the heft of the mornin';
The Parson's luck was fa'r,
And he raked, the minute we got thar,
The last of our pool on a p'ar.
So no more temp'rance for me, Squire:
I 'low it's all very fine,
But ez fur myself, I thank ye,
I'll not take any in mine.

JOHN HAY.



A COOL FLIRTATION—A SKETCH IN THE SKATING GARDENS, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE CONVALESCENT—A SKETCH AT A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.